

BATMAN
No.22

APRIL...MAY
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

**EXTRA ADDED
ATTRACTION:
"THE ADVENTURES
OF ALFRED"**



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LOOK FOR
THIS
TRADE-MARK
WHENEVER
YOU BUY
COMICS!

THE
PUBLISHERS
OF
**SUPERMAN,
BATMAN
AND
WONDER
WOMAN**
KNOW HOW
TO PRODUCE
THE SORT
OF COMICS
YOU LIKE!
-- SO THE
TRADE-
MARK
IS YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST!

LOOK FOR THE
D-C TRADE-MARK!

BAT MAN

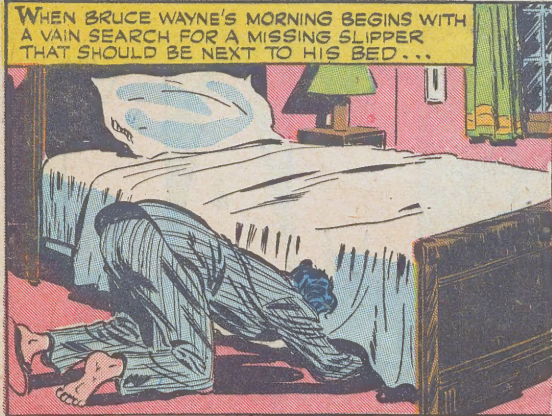
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BEAUTY MAKES MEN DO STRANGE THINGS, FOR IT IS A HEADY WINE THAT CONQUERS REASON AND OBSCURES THE SIGHT! BUT WHEN A FAIR DAMOSEL TAKES HEARTS BY STORM AND BARTERS THEM IN A CROOKED GAME OF GAIN, THEN BEWARE THE RIGHT-EOUS WRATH OF THE ROMANTIC ROMEO! THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** FIND A CRIME NEST CONCEALED BEHIND A HEART-FEST WHEN CUPID'S DARTS HURL HAVOC INTO THEIR HAPPY HOUSEHOLD IN THE TALE OF...

"THE DUPED DOMESTICS!"



WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S MORNING BEGINS WITH A VAIN SEARCH FOR A MISSING SLIPPER THAT SHOULD BE NEXT TO HIS BED...



... AND HIS CLEAN SHIRTS ARE NOT IN THEIR PROPER PLACE...



-- AND HE EATS A HALF COOKED BREAKFAST WHICH ENDS WITH THE COFFEE BEING SPILLED ON HIS LAP!



... THEN EVEN THE EASY-GOING PLAYBOY CAN LOSE PATIENCE WITH HIS BUTLER, ALFRED-- USUALLY A JEWEL OF EFFICIENCY!

WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, ALFRED? THE WHOLE HOUSE IS UPSET. THERE ISN'T A THING IN ITS PROPER PLACE. YOU ACT AS IF YOU'RE IN A TRANCE. MAYBE THAT STRENUOUS REDUCING COURSE YOU WENT THROUGH MADE YOU ILL!



ILL? YES, SIR... IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, SIR...

-- BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, NO! I'M IN A STATE, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO! I WOULD RATHER NOT SAY MORE...



DAYS PASS, AND ALFRED REMAINS-- IN A "STATE"...

ALFRED SERVED DINNER TONIGHT LIKE A MAN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

MAYBE HE'S GOT HIS MIND ON ALL THESE STRANGE UNSOLVED ROBBERIES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY. YOU KNOW HOW KEEN HE IS TO BE A DETECTIVE!



WELL, I WISH HE'D STICK TO HIS BUTTLING AND LEAVE THE DETECTIVE WORK TO US. WHICH REMINDS ME-- **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS EVENING!

YES, AND WE'D BETTER GET GOING OR WE'LL BE LATE!



OUTER GARMENTS REMOVED, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, BECOME THOSE CAPED COMRADES OF MYSTERY-- THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

THE POLICE HAVE BEEN TEARING THEIR HAIR OUT OVER THESE ROBBERIES! THE CROOKS SEEM TO KNOW EXACTLY WHEN THE HOUSES ARE EMPTY; EXACTLY HOW THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEMS ARE SET--

--AND EVEN WHERE THE VALUABLES ARE KEPT!



PRESENTLY...

WE'VE BEEN DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE FOR THE PAST WEEK, COMMISSIONER, BUT SO FAR THERE'S NOT BEEN A TRACE OF A CLUE!

MY WHOLE DEPARTMENT IS UP IN THE AIR! BATMAN-- YOU'VE GOT TO SUCCEED IN THIS!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

COMMISSIONER GORDON IS IN A TOUGH SPOT! THE WHOLE CITY IS ON HIS NECK!

IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF CLUE...

IT'S PLAIN THAT I'VE GOT TO DO SOME HEAVY THINKING ABOUT THESE ROBBERIES! BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT.

FRANKLY, I'M NOT SO ANXIOUS TO SAMPLE ALFRED'S HALF-BAKED COOKING AGAIN!

SUDDENLY, AS THE CAREENING BATMOBILE ROUNDS A CORNER...

EITHER YOU COME ACROSS WIT' DAT PITCHER OR WE WRING IT OUTA YOU!

NO-- RELEASE ME, I SAY! OUCH! LET GO!

ROBIN, LOOK! THOSE THUGS ARE ATTACKING THAT BUTLER!

THERE SOITENLY IS A BIG TOINOVER IN BUTLERS DESE DAYS!

BRUTES! SCOUNDRELS!

AH-- HERE IT IS!

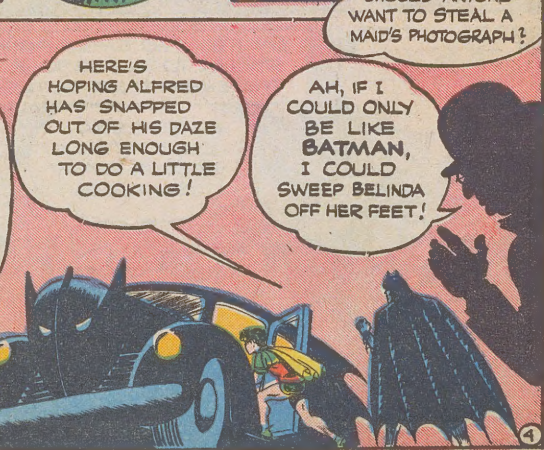
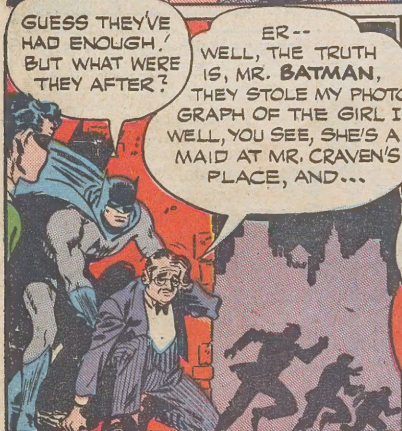
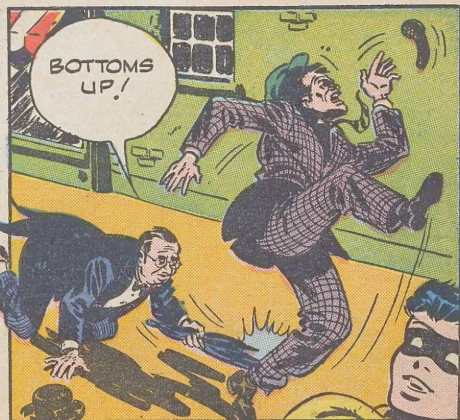
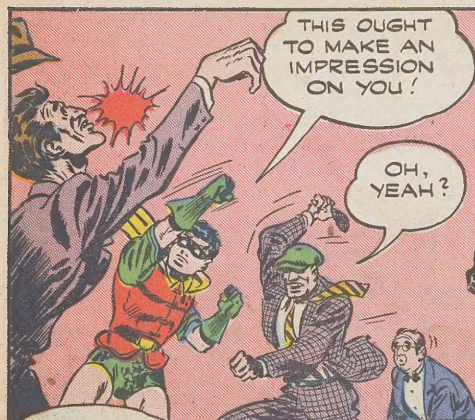
IT'S BOTTOM, THE VAN HOUTEN'S MAN!

SWIFTLY TWO CAPED FIGURES STREAK TO THE RESCUE OF THE EMBATTLED BUTLER!

NO GENTLEMAN WOULD ATTACK A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN!

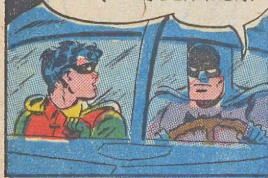
ULP-- DOUBLE TROUBLE! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NEVER BATTER A BUTLER WHEN I'M AROUND!



I STILL THINK IT MIGHT BE SAFER TO EAT IN A RESTAURANT. THESE BURGLARIES ARE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT HAVING INDIGESTION ON TOP OF IT.

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LAY DOWN THE LAW TO ALFRED. AFTER ALL, THERE CAN'T BE ANY REAL REASON FOR HIS QUEER BEHAVIOR!



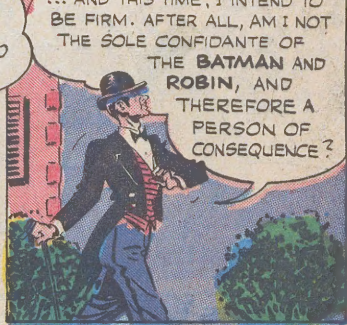
NO REASON? ALFRED'S ANTICS DURING HIS MASTERS' ABSENCE SEEM TO INDICATE OTHERWISE!

HMM... A BIT ON THE DIGNIFIED SIDE, BUT STILL A SIGHT TO CAPTIVATE THE HEART OF A FAIR MAID. NOW TO GO FORTH AND CONQUER!



AT LAST--A CLUE TO ALFRED'S QUEER CONDUCT! YET WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT A ROMANTIC HEART BEAT BENEATH THAT STARCHED SHIRT FRONT?

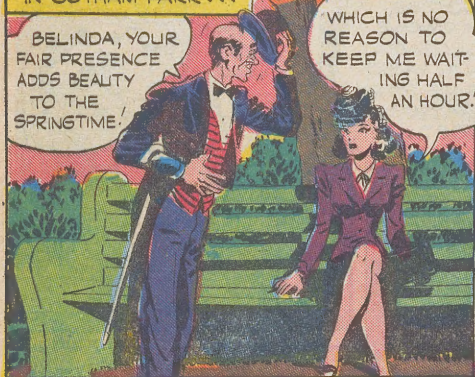
... AND THIS TIME, I INTEND TO BE FIRM. AFTER ALL, AM I NOT THE SOLE CONFIDANTE OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, AND THEREFORE A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE?



ALFRED'S DESTINATION--A SECLUDED BENCH IN GOTHAM PARK...

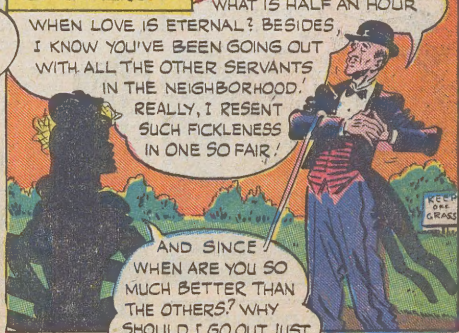
BELINDA, YOUR FAIR PRESENCE ADDS BEAUTY TO THE SPRINGTIME!

WHICH IS NO REASON TO KEEP ME WAITING HALF AN HOUR!



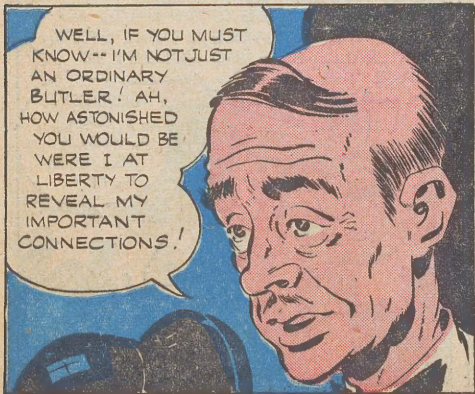
BELINDA--A FAMILIAR NAME! BUT ALFRED SEEMS WELL AWARE THAT HIS HEART'S DESIRE HAS CAPTURED THE AFFECTION OF OTHERS!

WHAT IS HALF AN HOUR WHEN LOVE IS ETERNAL? BESIDES, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT WITH ALL THE OTHER SERVANTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. REALLY, I RESENT SUCH FICKLENESS IN ONE SO FAIR!



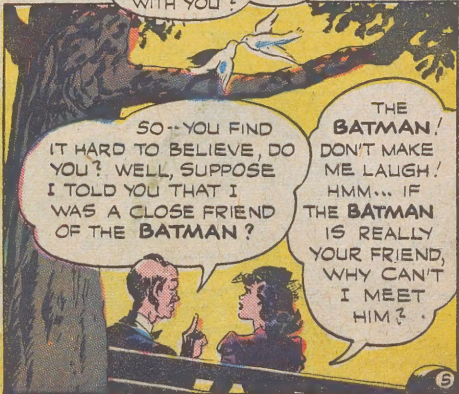
AND SINCE WHEN ARE YOU SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OTHERS? WHY SHOULD I GO OUT JUST WITH YOU?

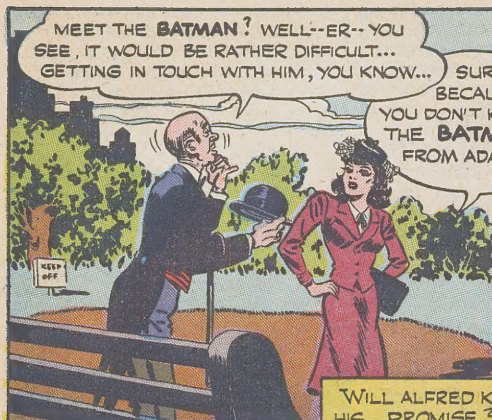
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW--I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BUTLER. AH, HOW ASTONISHED YOU WOULD BE WERE I AT LIBERTY TO REVEAL MY IMPORTANT CONNECTIONS!



SO--YOU FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE, DO YOU? WELL, SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THAT I WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE BATMAN?

THE BATMAN! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HMM... IF THE BATMAN IS REALLY YOUR FRIEND, WHY CAN'T I MEET HIM?





MEET THE **BATMAN**? WELL--ER-- YOU SEE, IT WOULD BE RATHER DIFFICULT... GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIM, YOU KNOW...

SURE-- BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE **BATMAN** FROM ADAM!



IS THAT SO? THEN I'LL JUST SHOW YOU. YOU WAIT HERE AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU MEET THE **BATMAN**. I CAN'T BE BACK MYSELF BECAUSE--ER-- I'VE SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TRANSACT...



HMPH--CALLING ME A LIAR.

REMEMBER-- DON'T GO AWAY!

HE ACTS AS IF HE MEANS IT... WELL, I'LL BE PREPARED!

WILL ALFRED KEEP HIS PROMISE? ALAS, WHO KNOWS TO WHAT AN OUTRAGED HEART MAY STOOP? LATER...

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T DO THIS, BUT SURELY MR. WAYNE WILL BE INDULGENT... LUCKY I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS SPARE **BATMAN** COSTUME!



RATHER A ROOMY FIT-- BUT BELINDA WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

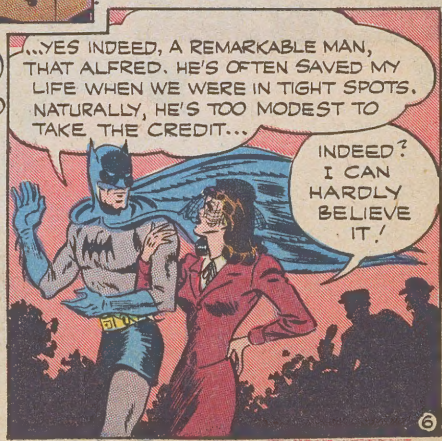


SO, AFTER, A DISGUISED ALFRED APPROACHES THE APPOINTED SPOT...

AH-- YOU MUST BE BELINDA! MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, ALFRED, TOLD ME I WOULD FIND YOU HERE!

IT'S REALLY HE! LUCKY I WORE THIS VEIL. BUT HE... CERTAINLY LOST WEIGHT SINCE...

OH, **BATMAN**!



...YES INDEED, A REMARKABLE MAN, THAT ALFRED. HE'S OFTEN SAVED MY LIFE WHEN WE WERE IN TIGHT SPOTS. NATURALLY, HE'S TOO MODEST TO TAKE THE CREDIT...

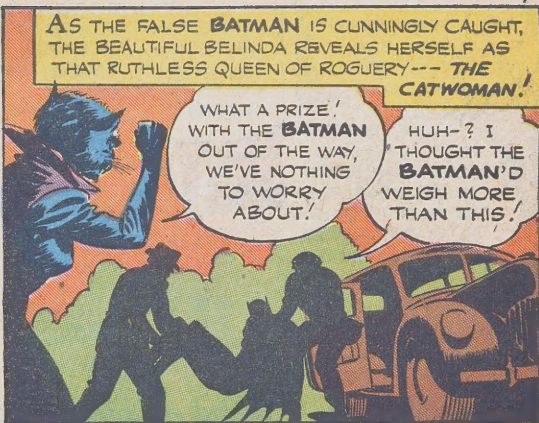
INDEED? I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



BWARE, ALFRED!

--AND AS A
DETECTIVE,
ALFRED IS
SIMPLY WONDER--
AWK!

MAYBE
ALFRED'LL
GET YOU OUTA
THIS ONE,
BATMAN!



AS THE FALSE **BATMAN** IS CUNNINGLY CAUGHT,
THE BEAUTIFUL BELINDA REVEALS HERSELF AS
THAT RUTHLESS QUEEN OF ROGUERY --- **THE
CATWOMAN!**

WHAT A PRIZE!
WITH THE **BATMAN**
OUT OF THE WAY,
WE'VE NOTHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT!

HUH-? I
THOUGHT THE
BATMAN'D
WEIGH MORE
THAN THIS!

BUT WHILE THE
HAPLESS ALFRED IS
BEING CARRIED OFF
TO WHATEVER GRIM
FATE HIS CUNNING
CAPTOR HAS
CONTRIVED ...

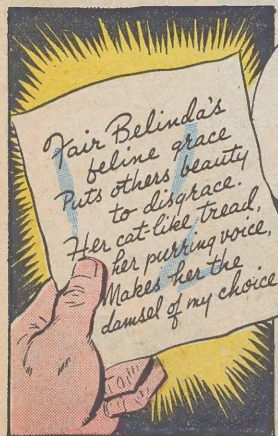
STRANGE AS HE'S
BEEN ACTING LATELY,
IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO
GO OFF THIS WAY.
LET'S HAVE A LOOK
IN HIS ROOM.

FUNNY,
ALFRED DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
AROUND. HE
DIDN'T SAY HE
WAS GOING
OUT.



HUH--WHAT'S
THIS? ALFRED'S
BEEN WRITING
POETRY.

POETRY!
WELL, WHY
DIDN'T WE
THINK OF THAT
BEFORE? THE
BIG LUG
MUST BE
IN LOVE!



*Fair Belinda's
feline grace
Puts others
to disgrace.
Her cat-like tread,
her purring voice,
Makes her the
damsel of my choice.*

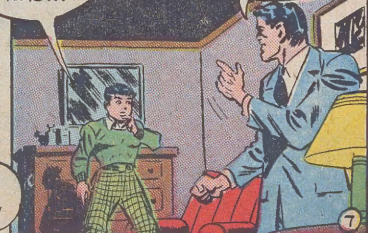
HOLY SMOKE!
BELINDA AGAIN!
THAT GAL
CERTAINLY GETS
AROUND. FIRST
BOTTOM AND NOW
ALFRED. I WONDER
HOW MANY
OTHERS...?

COME TO
THINK OF IT,
SOME OF THE
STUFF IN THAT
POEM REMINDS
ME OF SOMEONE.
BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHO...

IF WE'RE BOTH THINKING
OF THE SAME PERSON,
IT'S FANTASTIC, BUT
IT MAKES SENSE!
DICK, I'VE GOT A
FUNNY HUNCH THAT
BELINDA IS-- **THE
CATWOMAN!**



HA-HA--
IMAGINE ALFRED
WRITING SUCH
CORNY STUFF!



THE CATWOMAN!
OF COURSE! BUT
WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK IT'S REALLY
SHE?

THOSE ROBBERIES,
BELINDA'S WIDE
ACQUAINTANCE WITH
THE LOCAL BUTLERS,
THE FACT THAT NO
ORDINARY MAID WOULD
BE SO ANXIOUS TO GET A
PHOTOGRAPH OUT OF CIRCULATION-- BESIDES, A MAN IN LOVE
NOTICES MANY THINGS ABOUT A
WOMAN, AND IF THAT POEM
DOESN'T DESCRIBE THE
CATWOMAN PERFECTLY--
DICK, WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO OVER
AT THE CRA-
VEN PLACE!

BUT IF THE CATWOMAN
IS POSING AS A MAID
THERE, HADN'T WE BETTER
GO AS BATMAN AND
ROBIN?

NO, WE'RE STILL
NOT SURE. THIS
TIME, WE'RE GOING
TO PAY A NEIGHBORLY
VISIT TO MR.
CRAVEN SO WE
CAN DO SOME
QUIET SNOOPING
AROUND.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE
CRAVEN HOMESTEAD...

--AND I
FELT THAT
SINCE WE'RE
NEIGHBORS
WE OWED
YOU A VISIT.

COME RIGHT
IN, SIRS!
DELIGHTED!

SUDDENLY--A GRIM
SURPRISE AS A
SMILING HOST BECOMES
A SINISTER HOOD!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS
--GRAB 'EM!

UP WITH THE DUKES,
MAMMA'S BOY!

HUH! WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS!

THE
CATWOMAN!
WHY--THEY'RE
ALL IN
LEAGUE!

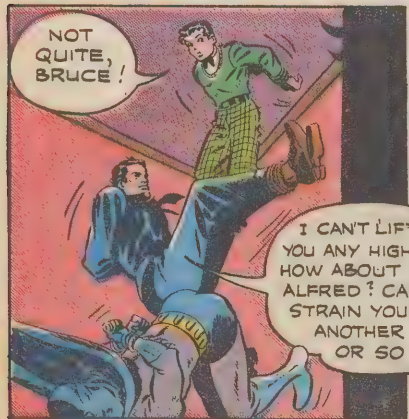
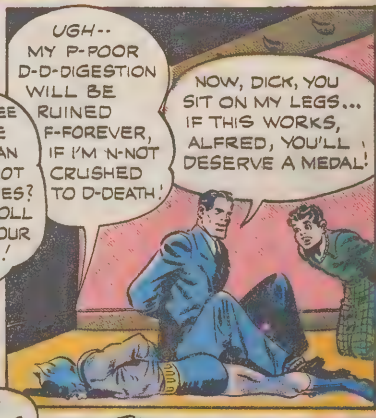
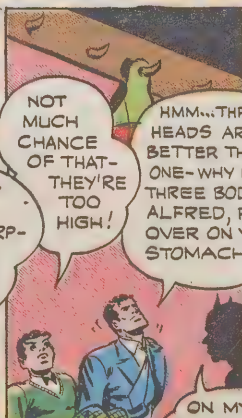
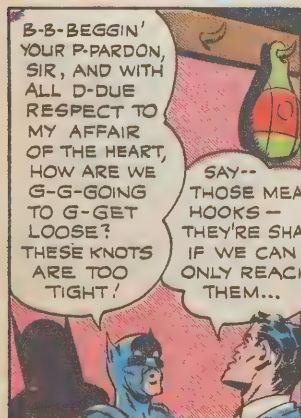
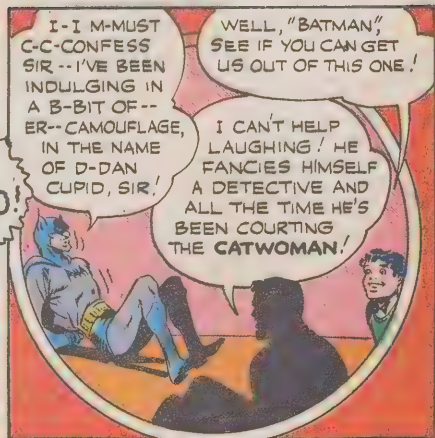
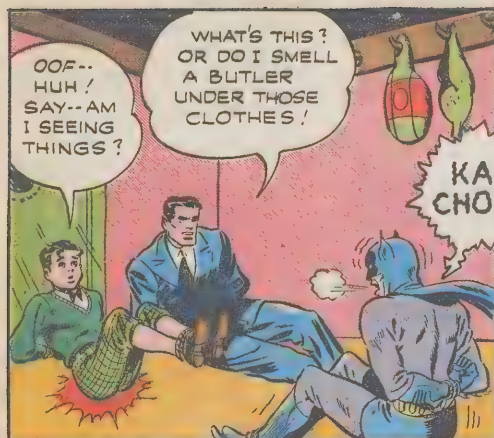
HOW CLEVER OF YOU, MR.
WAYNE. AND HOW NICE OF
YOU TO DROP IN. WE WERE
GOING TO ROB YOUR PLACE
ANYWAY, BUT NOW THAT
YOU'RE HERE, WE CAN
DROP OVER AND REMOVE YOUR
VALUABLES AT OUR LEISURE.

WE NO LONGER NEED
TROUBLE ABOUT ALFRED'S
UNWILLINGNESS TO
REVEAL WHEN
YOU WERE
OUT!

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU OWN
QUITE A NUMBER OF PRICELESS
ANTIQUES. AND SINCE THIS WILL
BE OUR LAST JOB IN THIS
SECTION OF THE
COUNTRY, WE
WANT TO DO IT
THOROUGHLY!
YOUR KEYS
NATURALLY
WILL BE
A HELP!

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME!

DON'T GET SO
EXCITED, PAL! YOU'LL
HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE
TO COOL OFF IN HERE!
NOT TO MENTION THAT
YOUSE WILL BE IN
DISTINGUISHED
COMPANY!



HERE THEY
GO -- WHOOPS!

SECONDS LATER, FREED
OF THEIR BONDS, THREE
STRONG BODIES HURTLE
AGAINST THE REFRIGERA-
TOR DOOR!

OUTER CLOTHING REMOVED,
THE REAL **BATMAN** AND
ROBIN SPEED ON WINGED
FEET TOWARD THE WAYNE
MANSION --

ALL TOGETHER
NOW --!

I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME-
THING OF THE SNAIL ABOUT
ALFRED. HOPE WE GET THERE
IN TIME!

OOF!

PUFF-PUFF...
DEAR ME, I CAN'T
KEEP UP WITH THEM...
MUST SIT DOWN
AND CATCH MY
BREATH...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR
NERVE? IF ANYBODY ASKS
QUESTIONS, THEY JUST SHOW
MY KEYS AND IT LOOKS
LEGITIMATE!

IF THEY COUNT
ON MOVING OUT
ALL OUR ANTIQUES,
THEY'LL STILL BE
BUSY!

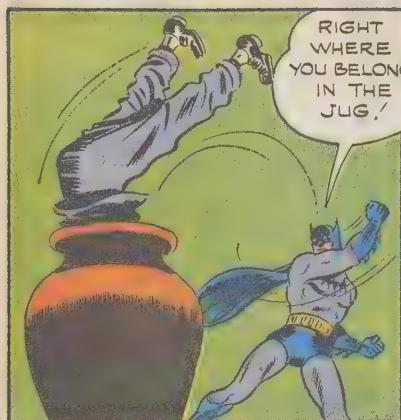
WELL, HERE'S WHERE
WE PROVE IT ISN'T!

I KNOW A FENCE
WHAT'LL SHELL OUT
PLENTY OF DOUGH
FOR DIS HUNK
OF CROCKERY!

DIS IS HOW I LIKE
TO DO BUSINESS --
RIGHT OUT IN DE OPEN!

HEY-- I'M SEEIN' TINGS!

WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH YOU,
YOU'LL BE SEEING
BARS!

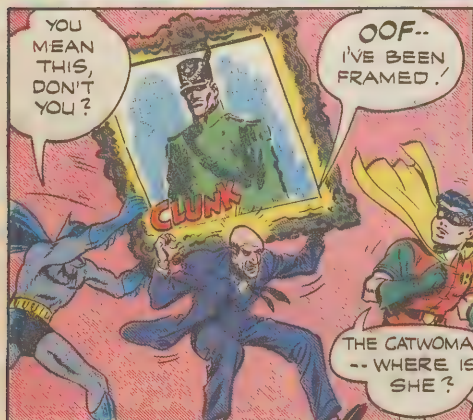


RIGHT
WHERE
YOU BELONG--
IN THE
JUG!



THIS OUGHT TO
GIVE YOUR FACE A
NICE ANTIQUE
FINISH!

HERE'S
THE
LATEST
IN EXTERIOR
DECORATIONS,
BRAT!



YOU
MEAN
THIS,
DON'T
YOU?

OOF--
I'VE BEEN
FRAMED!

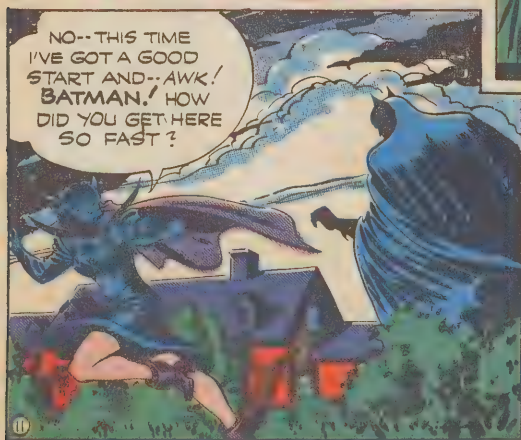
THE CATWOMAN
-- WHERE IS
SHE?

AND AT THAT
VERY MOMENT,
WATCHFUL EYES
WIDEN IN WONDER
AT AN UPSTAIRS
WINDOW...

OH-OH! ROBIN
MUST HAVE FREED
THE BATMAN!
I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN HE'D SHOW
UP! I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!

FEAR LENDS WINGS TO
FELINE FEET AS THE
CATWOMAN FLEES
THROUGH THE BACK
DOOR...

-- AND TO THINK THAT I
HAD THE BATMAN
SAFELY LOCKED AWAY!
IT NEVER FAILS TO END
LIKE THIS! BUT HE
WON'T GET ME
THIS TIME!



NO-- THIS TIME
I'VE GOT A GOOD
START AND-- AWK!
BATMAN! HOW
DID YOU GET HERE
SO FAST?



How DID THE BATMAN MANAGE IT?
OR PERHAPS-- YES, IT IS! IT'S ALFRED!

WELL, WHAT AN EXCELLENT
OPPORTUNITY TO PAY OFF A LITTLE
DEBT FOR MY GOOD FRIEND ALFRED.
A LITTLE SPANKING WILL DO
THE TRICK. AND, BELIEVE
ME, IT WILL
HURT YOU
MORE THAN
IT WILL
ME!



LET US BE DISCREET AND WITHDRAW AS ALFRED PAYS HIS PRIVATE DEBT TO THE CATWOMAN. BACK AT THE WAYNE HOUSE SOME MINUTES LATER...

YOU CERTAINLY GOT HERE FAST!

NICE WORK, **BATMAN!** COMMISSIONER GORDON'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP TONIGHT. TOO BAD THE CATWOMAN GOT AWAY!

WE'LL GET HER YET!

WELL, THE GANG'S ON THEIR WAY TO JUG, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CATWOMAN?

AND ALFRED HASN'T SHOWN UP YET. WHERE CAN HE BE? WAIT--I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE!

LOOK! IT'S THE CATWOMAN AND AL-- I MEAN, **BATMAN!**

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS IF TWO BATMEN ARE BETTER THAN ONE!

IF I MAY USE YOUR PHONE, MR. WAYNE, I'D LIKE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE OF AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE!

ER-- BY ALL MEANS, **BATMAN!**

AND YOU CAN SIT DOWN WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, CATWOMAN.

LATER...

HMM... I DON'T BELIEVE THE CATWOMAN WOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN JUST YET, MR. WAYNE... HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS?

ER--YES-- I'D RATHER STAND...

--AND SHE ADMITTED THAT SHE AND CRAVEN RENTED THE HOUSE AND HELD A SERVANT'S BALL SO SHE COULD GET ACQUAINTED! THEN SHE PLAYED FAST AND LOOSE WITH ALL OF US TO OBTAIN INFORMATION.

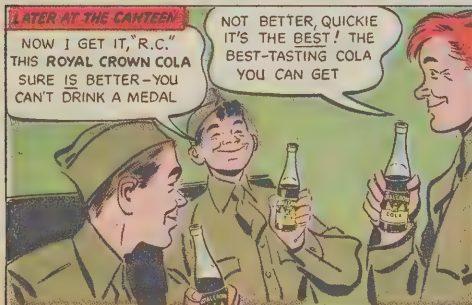
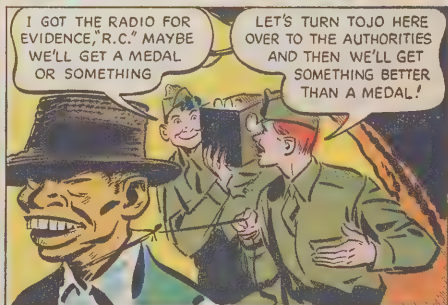
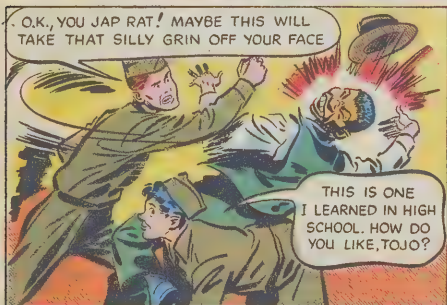
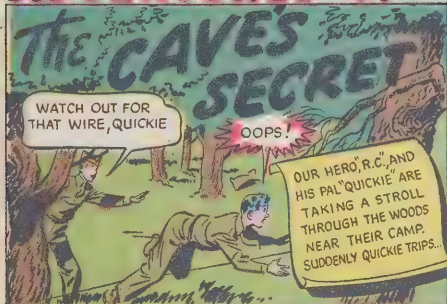
PERHAPS SO, SIR. BUT THINK OF MY WOUNDED AFFECTIONS AND THE EFFECT OF MY ROMANCE ON YOUR DIGESTIONS! ER--BY THE WAY, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD, I THINK I MAKE RATHER A GOOD **BATMAN**, SIR.

TOO GOOD, ACCORDING TO THE CATWOMAN, ALFRED.

I STILL THINK, ALFRED, THAT YOU WERE RATHER DRASTIC WITH HER!

FILE
END

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

"HELLO, EASTERN TELEGRAPH?
I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM!
READY? ... HERE IT IS ...

DEAR READER:

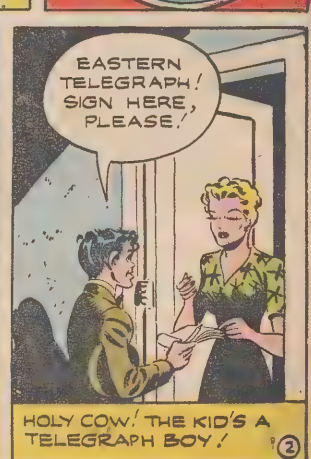
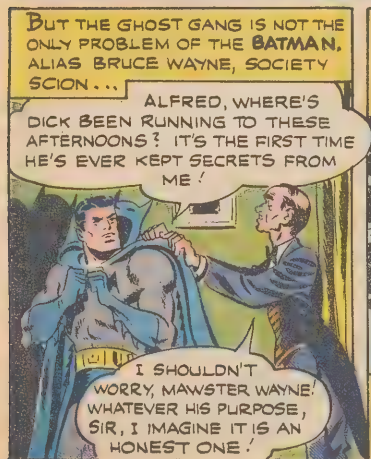
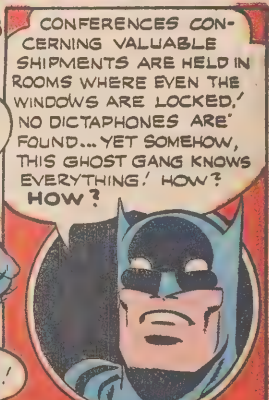
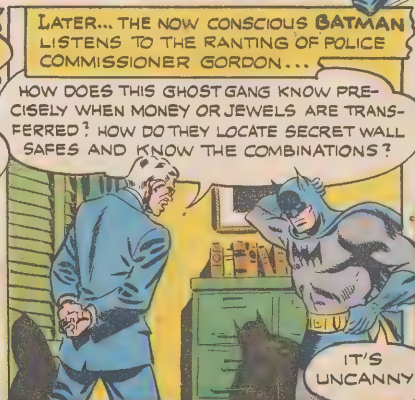
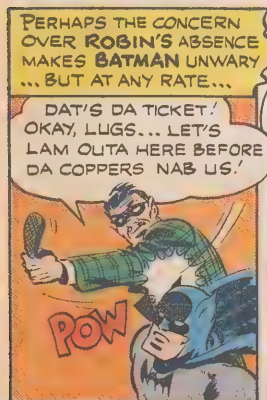
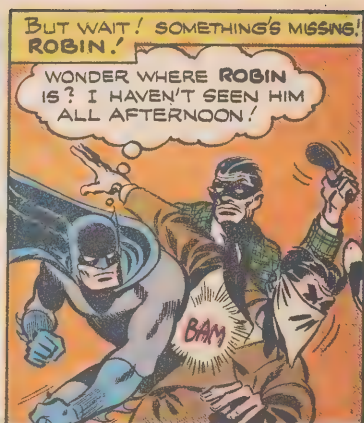
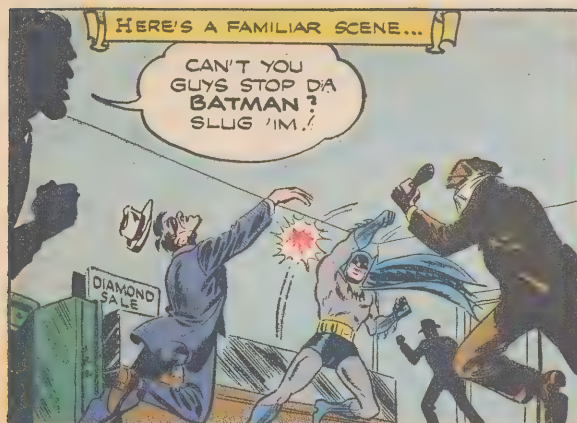
FOLLOWING STORY OF BATMAN
AND ROBIN IS A SLAM-BANG YARN
OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL WITH AN
UNUSUAL SCHEME, YOU WILL BE
SURPRISED BY THE STORY'S
ANGLES AND THRILLED BY ITS
WILD AND EXCITING CLIMAX.

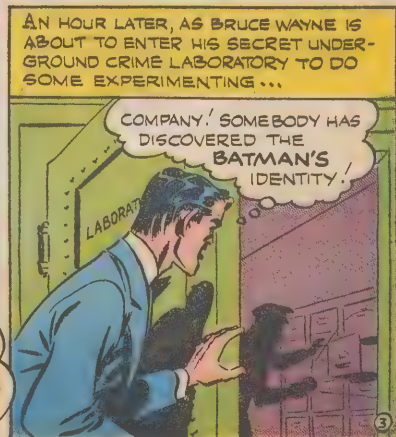
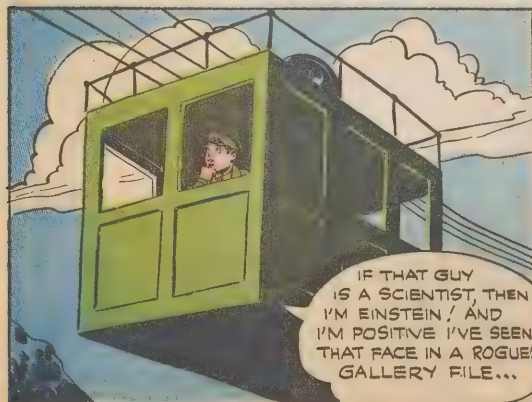
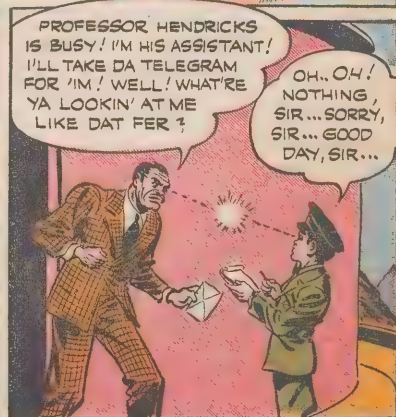
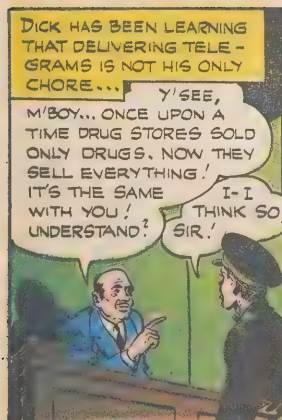
YES, THAT'S THE MESSAGE.
SIGN IT, *THE EDITOR*, AND
RUSH IT OUT AT ONCE. I THINK
YOU'LL MAKE BETTER TIME
IF YOU SEND IT WITH ...

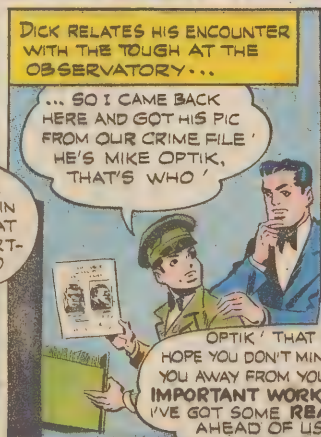
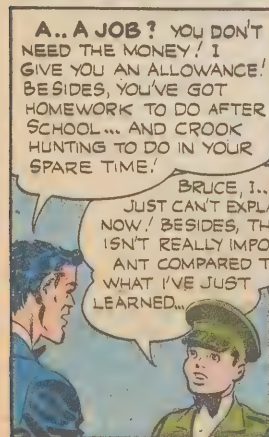
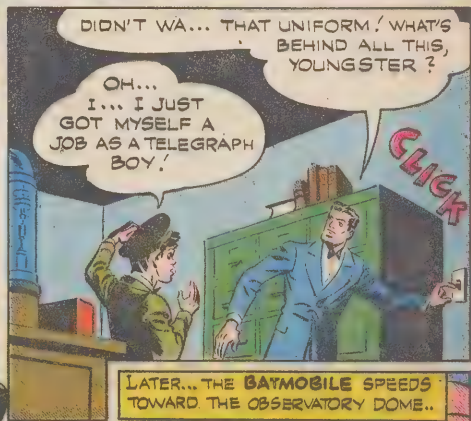
**"DICK GRAYSON,
TELEGRAPH
BOY!"**



By
BOB
KANE







INSIDE THE HIGH,
VAULTED
OBSERVATORY...

YOU CAN'T KEEP
ME A PRISONER
FOREVER! MY
ASSOCIATES ARE
BOUND TO SUSPECT
SOMETHING'S WRONG!

SURE
OF
YOURSELF,
AREN'T
YOU?

BATMAN!
HOW'D HE
FIND US?

YEAH...THAT'S
RIGHT! I THINK
THE GHOST GANG
WILL PULL ONE
MORE BIG JOB AND
THEN RETIRE--
AND SO WILL YOU..
UNDERSTAND?

YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
THERE, PAL!

GET HIM
BEFORE HE
GETS 'US!

LOOK
AT THAT
GUY! HE'S
GOT
WINGS!

NOT ONLY
WINGS--LEGS,
TOO!

ULP!

BULL'S-EYE
BATMAN,
THAT'S
ME!

MEANTIME...

AND I
USED TO THINK
SLIDING DOWN
A BANNISTER
WAS FUN!



IN A SURPRISE MOVE, OPTIK RE-SORTS TO AN OLD COWARDLY BUT ALWAYS EFFECTIVE RUSE ...

QUIT HOPPIN' AROUND, YOU MONKEYS, OR THE PROFESSOR GETS HIS -- NOW!

DON'T MIND ME, BATMAN! JUST KEEP PUNCHING.

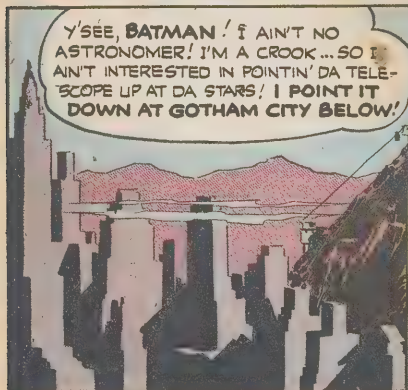
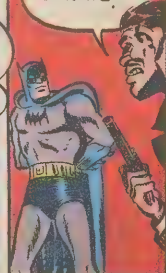


SORRY, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS, BUT I LIKE YOU ALIVE... AND WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE! OKAY, OPTIK, WE'LL QUIT.

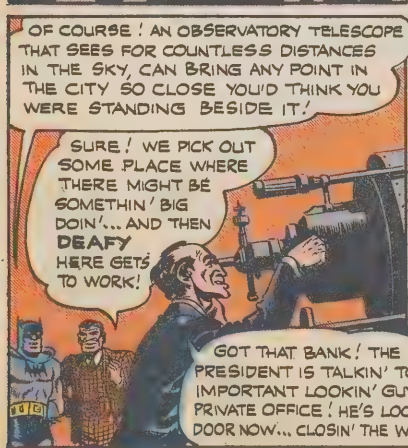
LATER...

OKAY, MR. RAT! BEFORE YOU FIRE AT THE WHITES OF OUR EYES I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS OBSERVATORY HAS TO DO WITH YOUR "GHOST GANG" ACT!

SURE! WHY NOT? YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE! ME'N THE BOYS WILL DEMON-STRATE!

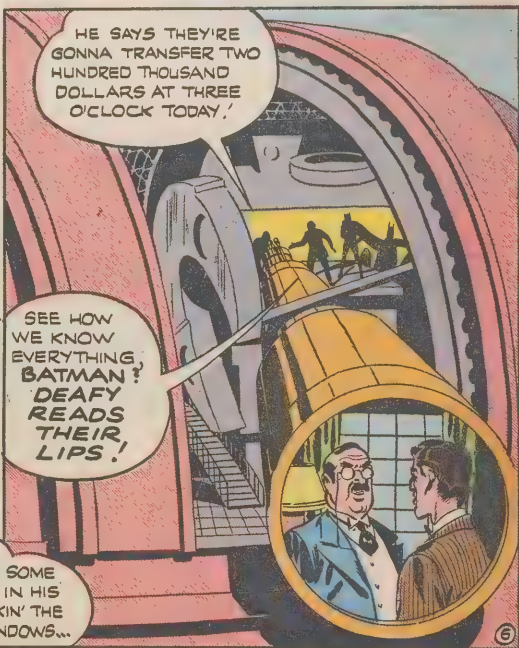


Y'SEE, BATMAN! I AIN'T NO ASTRONOMER! I'M A CROOK... SO I AIN'T INTERESTED IN POINTIN' DA TELESCOPE UP AT DA STARS! I POINT IT DOWN AT GOTHAM CITY BELOW!

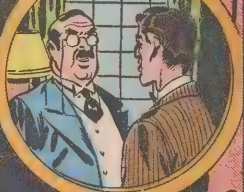


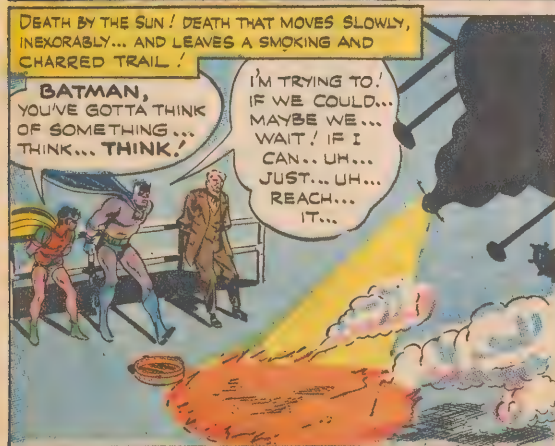
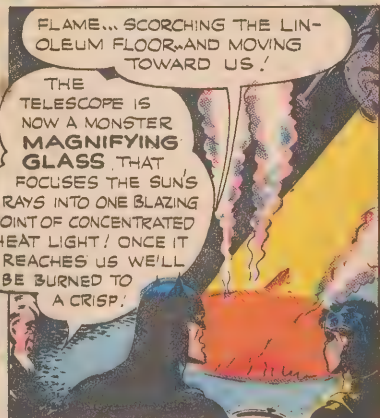
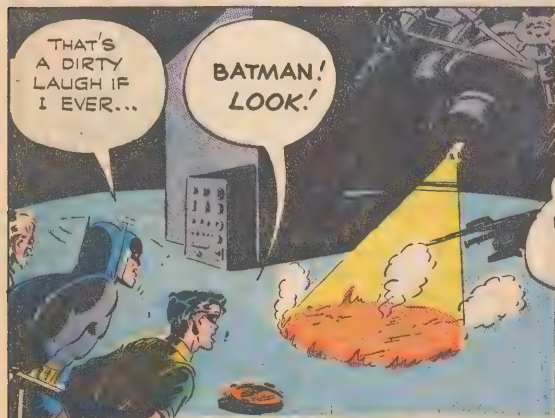
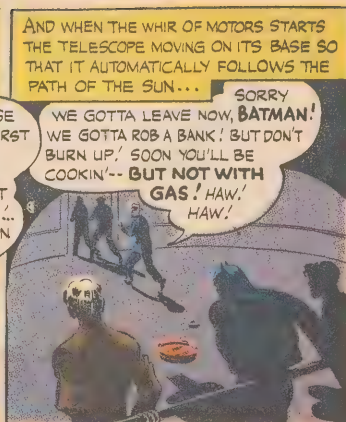
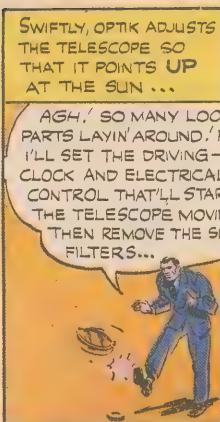
SURE! WE PICK OUT SOME PLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' BIG DOIN'... AND THEN DEAFY HERE GETS TO WORK!

GOT THAT BANK! THE PRESIDENT IS TALKIN' TO SOME IMPORTANT LOOKIN' GUY IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE! HE'S LOCKIN' THE DOOR NOW... CLOSIN' THE WINDOWS...



SEE HOW WE KNOW EVERYTHING, BATMAN! DEAFY READS THEIR LIPS!





NEARER...EVER NEARER CREEPS THE TERRIBLE CIRCLE OF BLAZE...
THEN LIKE A FIERY COMET, **IT STRIKES....**

HOPE I DON'T GET
A HOT FOOT!
HERE GOES!

THERE! GOT IT
IN FOCUS! I
FIGURED THEY'D
JUST ABOUT BE
REACHING
THE BOTTOM!

AND MIRACULOUSLY...

THE TELESCOPE'S STOPPED
MOVING! THAT GADGET! HOW..??

IT WAS A TELESCOPE **MIRROR**
ATTACHMENT, USED FOR LONG
STUDY OF THE SKY!

THE SUN'S
RAY STRUCK THAT MIRROR...
WAS DEFLECTED ONTO
THE WIRES THAT CON-
TROLLED THE TELESCOPE'S
DRIVING CLOCK! ITS CON-
CENTRATED HEAT **FUSED**
THE WIRES AND
CAUSED A SHORT-
CIRCUIT! GOOD
THINKING,
BATMAN!

MINUTES LATER...

GOLLY, THOSE ROPES
WERE TIGHT! OLD STUFF
NOW! ALL WE DO IS GET
TO THAT BANK AND NAB
THOSE CROOKS IN THE
ACT!

AREN'T YOU FOR-
GETTING YOU DON'T
KNOW **WHICH**
BANK?

THAT'S RIGHT!
AND THERE ARE
HUNDREDS OF THEM IN
GOTHAM CITY!

SWIFTLY, BATMAN
REPAIRS THE
FUSED WIRES
AND TILTS THE
TELESCOPE
DOWN...
AT THE
CABLE
CAR!

BOYS, THE
ACORN
EXCHANGE
BANK IS DUE
FOR A
SURPRISE,
EH? HAW!
HAW!

IT'S THE ACORN
EXCHANGE BANK! WE WON'T
TAKE ANY CHANCES—PHONE
GORDON TO GET THERE
AHEAD OF THEM!

B-BUT...THE BANK?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?

PART OF OUR
SPECIAL TRAINING,
PROFESSOR!
BATMAN AND I
CAN READ LIPS
ALSO! OPTIK'S
OWN TRICK HAS
BOOMERANGED!

BUT THE
BEST LAID
PLANS OF
MICE AND
MEN...

WELL, GORDON,
WHERE ARE
THE RATS?

RATS? YOU MEAN
EELS! THEY SLIPPED
THROUGH OUR NET! WE
ONLY MANAGED TO
BAG ONE!

QUIZ TIME...AND NO
ANSWER TO THE \$64
QUESTION!

OPTIK DIDN'T
CACHE ANY LOOT
IN THE OBSERVA-
TORY! WHERE'S
YOUR OTHER
HIDEOUT?

HOLD IT,
COMMISSIONER!
HE WON'T TALK!

THEN, TO HOODLUM EGGHEAD COMES BLACKNESS! A BLIND-FOLD! A BUZZ OF SECRET CONVERSATION... TWO LOUD VOICES...

THEN, COMMISSIONER GORDON, I MAY DO AS I WISH WITH THE PRISONER?

YES, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS! HE'S ALL YOURS! JUST GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

HANDS PUSH EGGHEAD INTO A CAR... AND THERE FOLLOWS A LONG MYSTERIOUS RIDE...

HEY, PROFESSOR! WHERE YA TAKIN' ME? WHAT'S DA IDEA?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

FINALLY... THE CAR STOPS... EGGHEAD IS PROPELLED INSIDE... STRAPPED INTO A CHAIR... AND THEN THE BLIND-FOLD IS REMOVED!

HUH? WE MUST RODE PER HOURS! IT'S NIGHT! SAY, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT IS DIS?

WE ARE ATOP A HIGH MOUNTAIN... WE ARE IN MY ROCKET SHIP!

SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SKY SEEMS TO DROP SICKENINGLY... THE MOON LURCHES...

YOW! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

DON'T BE ALARMED! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN JUST A MOMENT! MY SPACE SHIP HAS JUST LEFT EARTH!

...JUST LEFT EARTH! YOU'RE CRAZY! IT AIN'T TRUE!

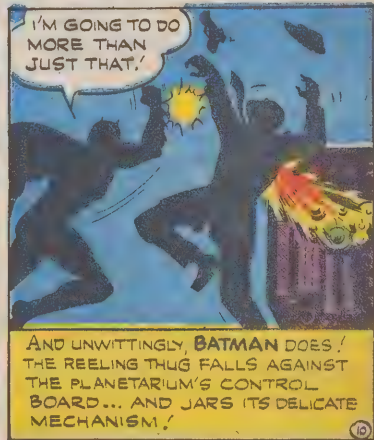
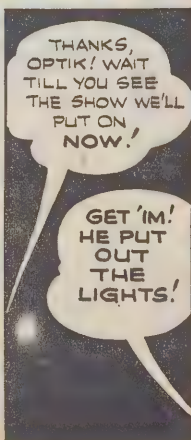
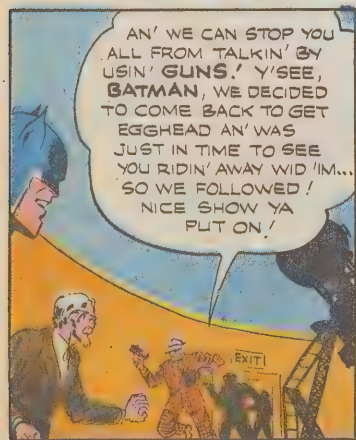
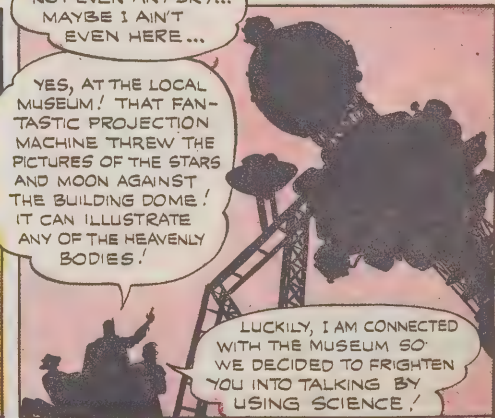
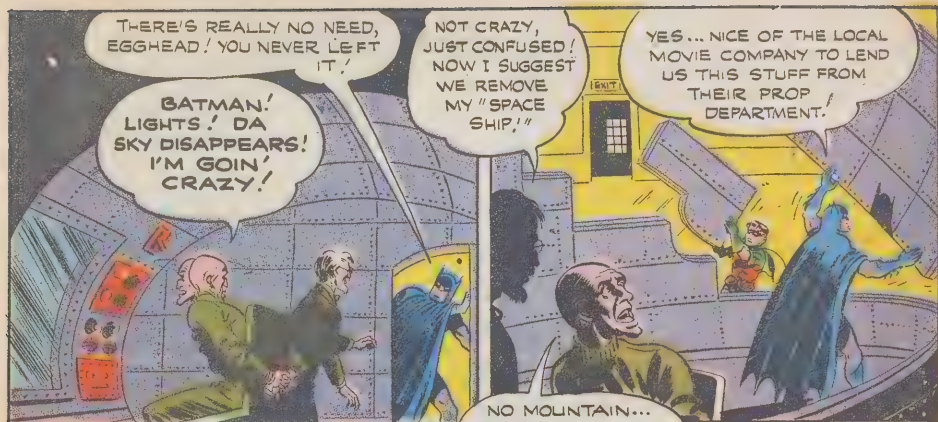
OH, IT'S TRUE! AT THIS RATE OF SPEED WE SHOULD REACH THE MOON WITHIN AN HOUR! SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH LARGER THE MOON IS NOW!

WE SHALL BE THE FIRST EARTHMEN TO LAND ON THE MOON! SEPARATED FROM MAN... ALL ALONE ON AN ALIEN, DEAD WORLD!

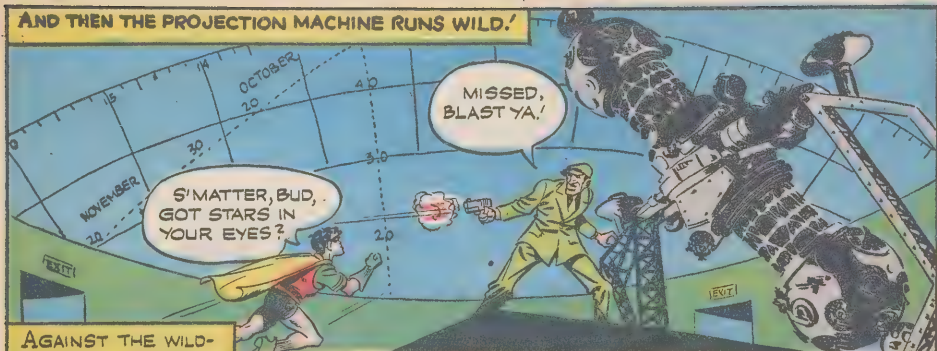
I WANNA GO HOME! WHY DID YA HAVE TO TAKE ME ALONG?

TO PUNISH YOU! I'VE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR BACK ON EARTH! YOUR HENCHMEN HAVE DISGRACED ME BY USING MY OBSERVATORY FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES! PERHAPS IF I COULD RECOVER THE LOOT... LOCATE OPTIK'S HIDEOUT...??

IT'S THE WAREHOUSE ON PERRY STREET! NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO EARTH!



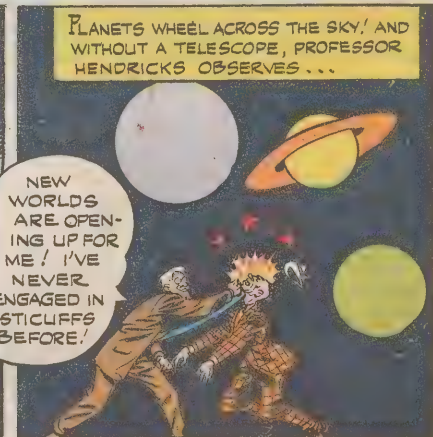
AND THEN THE PROJECTION MACHINE RUNS WILD!



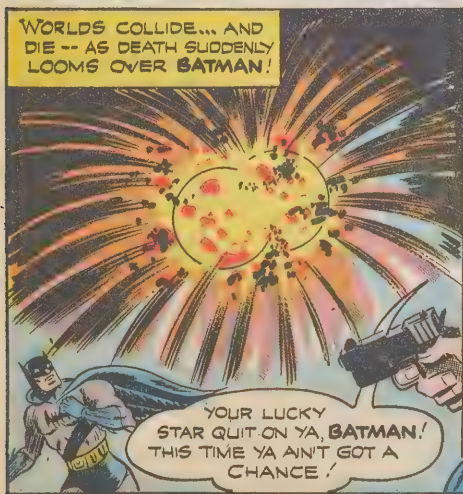
AGAINST THE WILDEST OF BACKDROPS, BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHT THE WEIRDEST OF BATTLES!



PLANETS WHEEL ACROSS THE SKY! AND WITHOUT A TELESCOPE, PROFESSOR HENDRICKS OBSERVES...



WORLDS COLLIDE... AND DIE -- AS DEATH SUDDENLY LOOMS OVER BATMAN!



LOOK OUT! THAT METEOR IS GOING TO HIT US!

HUH?





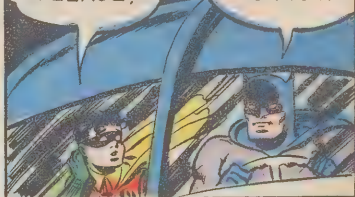
YA TRICKED ME!
THAT AIN'T NO
REAL METE...
UGH!

FROM NOW ON, OPTIK,
YOU'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING
UP AT THE STARS
THROUGH PRISON
BARS!

LATER... AFTER THE CASE IS
OFFICIALLY CLOSED... ANOTHER
IS REOPENED...

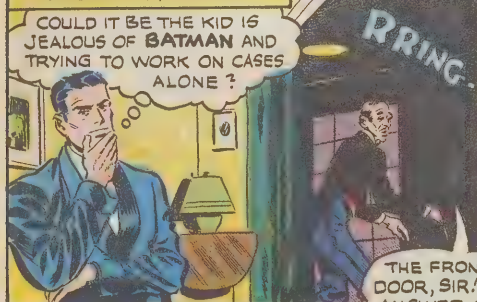
HONEST, BRUCE,
I PROMISE I'LL QUIT
MY JOB TODAY AFTER
I DELIVER ONE MORE
TELEGRAM! JUST
ONE MORE
PLEASE!

OKAY!
JUST ONE
MORE...
AND THEN
IT'S BACK
TO HOME-
WORK
FOR YOU!



A SINGING TELEGRAM FOR
MR. BRUCE WAYNE!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR BRU-LUCE...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

STILL LATER... AT HOME, BRUCE'S THOUGHTS ARE
TROUBLED AND DARK...



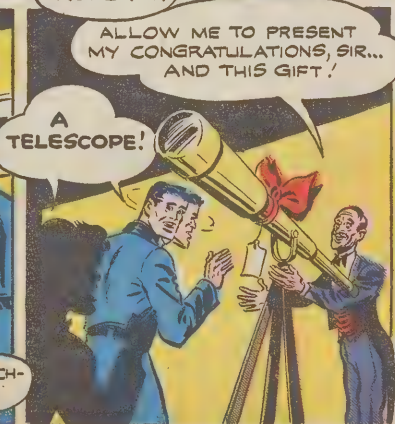
COULD IT BE THE KID IS
JEALOUS OF **BATMAN** AND
TRYING TO WORK ON CASES
ALONE?

THE FRONT
DOOR, SIR! I'LL
ANSWER IT!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
BRUCE! THAT'S WHY
I TOOK THIS JOB! I'D
SPENT ALL MY MONEY
ON WAR BONDS,
SO I HAD TO EARN
SOME TO GET
YOU THIS GIFT!

AND I THOUGHT
YOU... DICK, I'M SPEECH-
LESS... YOU CRAZY,
LOVABLE KID!



A
TELESCOPE!

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT
MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR...
AND THIS GIFT!



I SAY...
DID I DO
ANYTHING
WRONG ??

PRIVATE PETE

SHHH!

KEEP OFF!

HEART
BOLT-ROPE

HEP-HEP-HEP-TWO
THREE-FOUR--ON TO
GUARD DUTY I MUST
GO!

NOW THAT I'M HERE I'LL
JUST SLIP SOME OF THESE
IN THIS AREA!

THERE-NOW I'M ALL
SET!

WHAT A LIFE! ALL YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE SMART
THINKING AND YOU'RE ALL
SET!

**OKAY, MACARTHUR,
YOU CAN GET UP NOW
AND EXPLAIN THIS!**

IT'S SIMPLE SIR. NO ONE WOULD DARE
WALK ACROSS THESE GROUNDS WITH ALL
THE SIGNS AROUND!

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS
NEWLY SEED

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

KEEP
THE GRASS
NEWLY SE

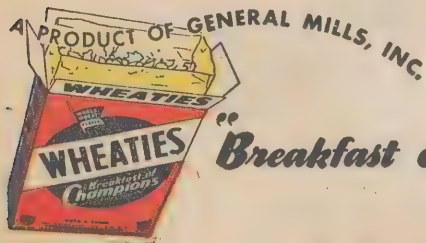


"We're gonna play Nazi torture-chamber—we wave this box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any."

YES SIR! DEPRIVING A GOOD WHEATIES-EATER OF HIS FAVORITE CEREAL RANKS AS CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT. BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO MISS OUT ON YOUR "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES TO GO AROUND... PLENTY OF THIS GOOD, NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT PRODUCT TO HELP YOU MAKE EVERY MORNING'S BREAKFAST A REAL HUMDINGER. GET

NEXT TO WHEATIES AND START GETTING MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 559 MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



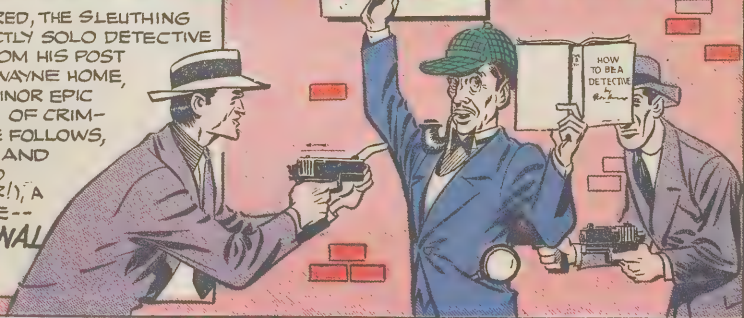
Breakfast of

Champions
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

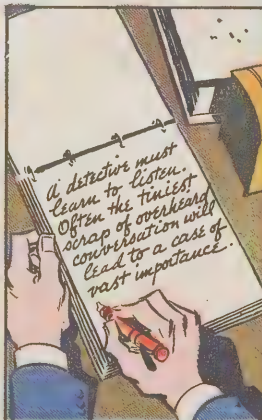
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

The Adventures of ALFRED

HERE COMES ALFRED, THE SLEUTHING BUTLER, IN A STRICTLY SOLO DETECTIVE ROLE! AWAY FROM HIS POST IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME, HE WRITES A MINOR EPIC IN THE ANNALS OF CRIMINOLOGY AS HE FOLLOWS, BY THE TRIAL AND ERROR METHOD (MOSTLY ERROR!), A REMARKABLE--
"CONVERSATIONAL CLUE!"



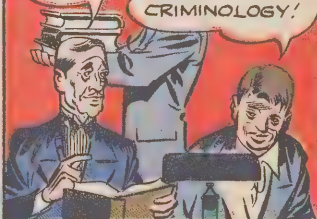
A SCHOLARLY MAN IS ALFRED, HERE SEEN MAKING COPIOUS NOTES IN THE CRIMINOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!



AND A FRIENDLY MAN IS ALFRED, ALWAYS READY TO CONVERSE WITH A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING STRANGER!

FAWSCINATIN' SUBJECT, CRIMINOLOGY, DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?

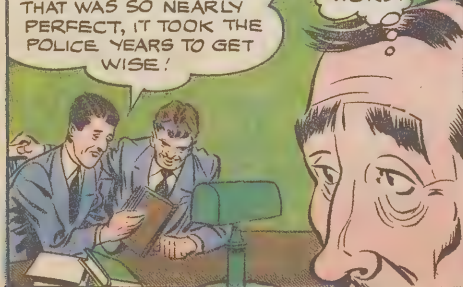
INDEED I DO! I HAVE STUDIED IT FOR YEARS! IN FACT, I AM A PRACTICING PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY!



SUDDENLY ALFRED'S ALERT EARS CATCH A TINY SCRAP OF EVEN MORE FASCINATING CONVERSATION FROM ACROSS THE TABLE.

HERE'S WHAT WE WANT-- A METHOD OF MURDER THAT WAS SO NEARLY PERFECT, IT TOOK THE POLICE YEARS TO GET WISE!

MY WORD!

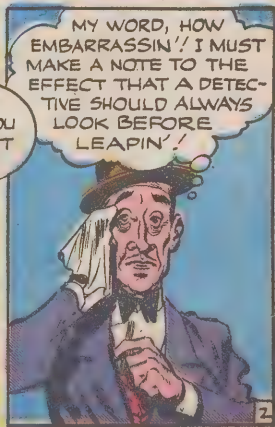
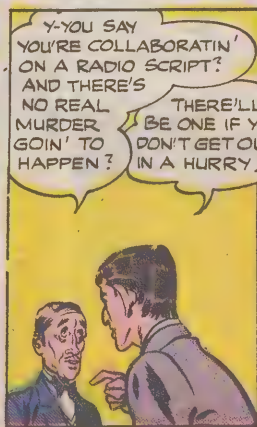
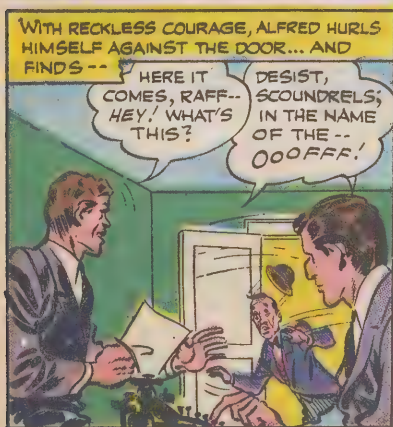
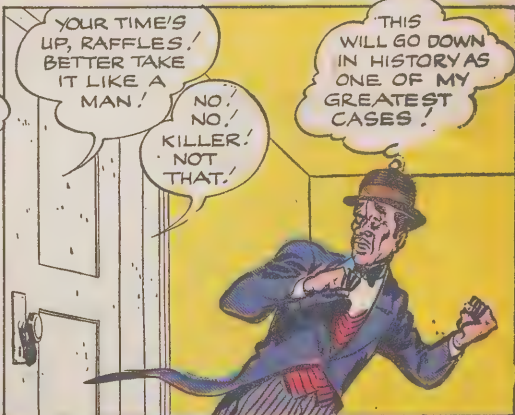
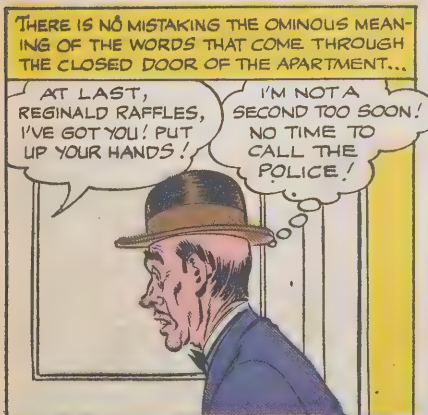
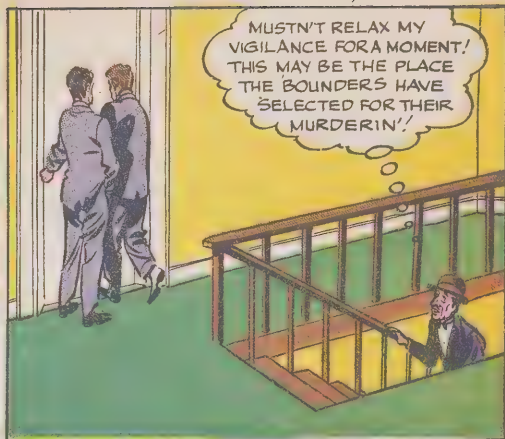
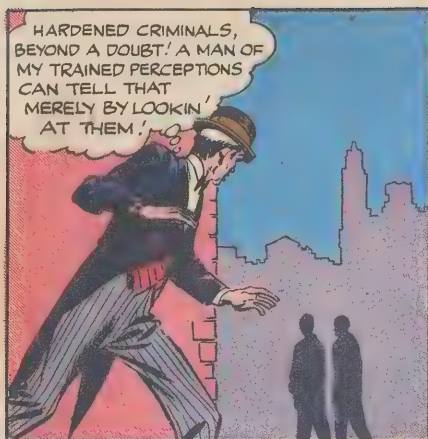


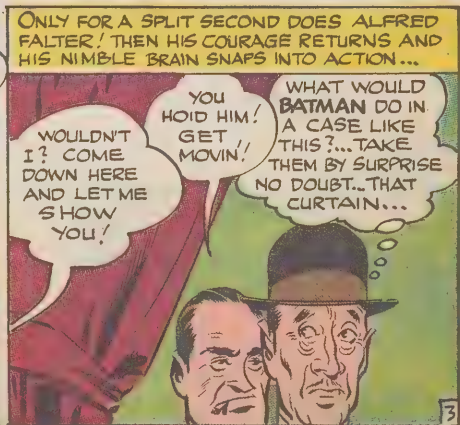
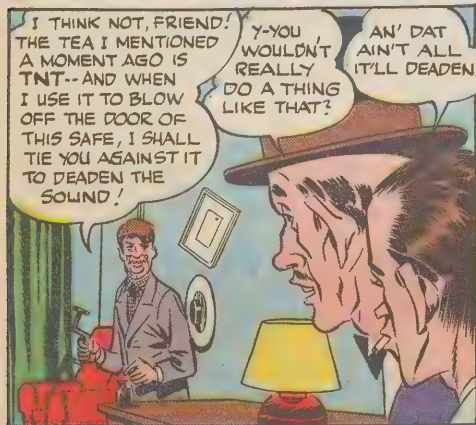
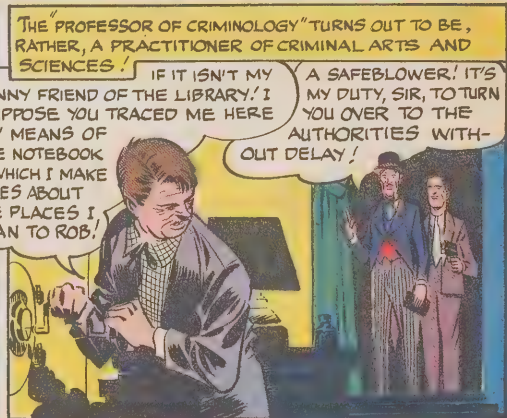
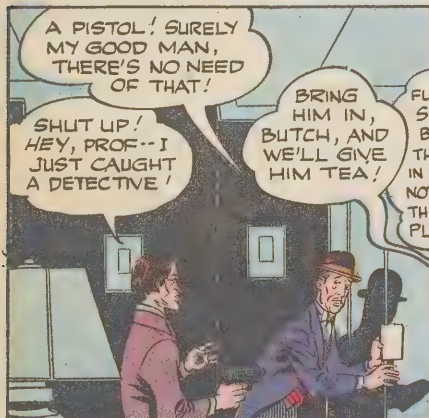
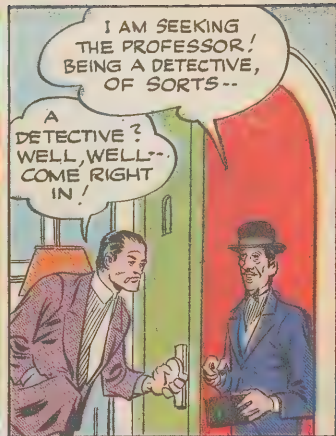
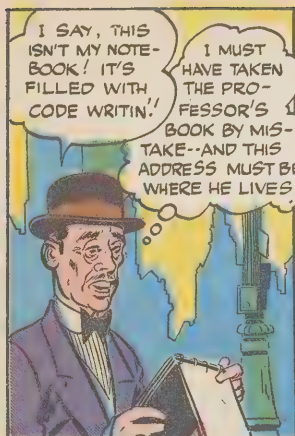
THAT'S HOW WE'LL KILL OFF REGINALD RAFFLES!

I MUST FOLLOW THEM!

OOPS! BEG PARDON, SIR!







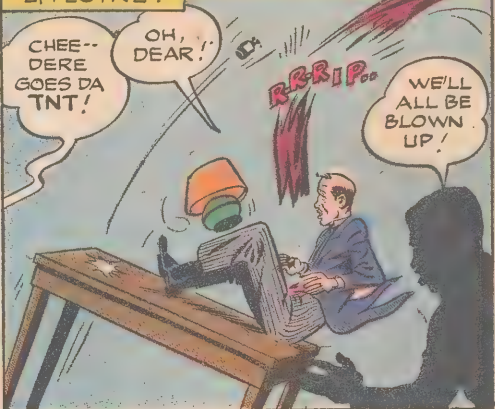
MANY A TIME THE MIGHTY BATMAN HAS TURNED THE TABLES ON HIS FOES BY A SWIFT OFFENSIVE, SUCH AS THIS!



I'LL GET 'IM, PROF!

YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE BUT TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE!

AND ALFRED'S TABLE-TURNING IS HIGHLY EFFECTIVE!



CHEE-- DERE GOES DA TNT!

OH, DEAR!

RRRIP..

WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN UP!

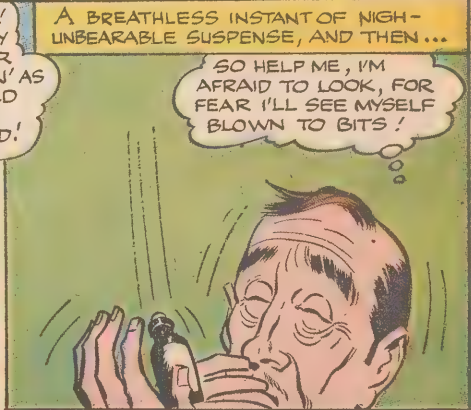
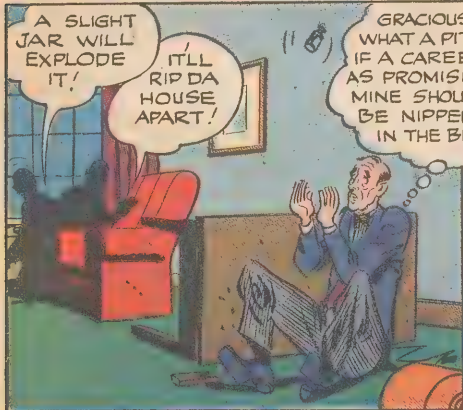
A SLIGHT JAR WILL EXPLODE IT!

IT'LL RIP DA HOUSE APART!

GRACIOUS! WHAT A PITY IF A CAREER AS PROMISIN' AS MINE SHOULD BE NIPPED IN THE BUD!

A BREATHLESS INSTANT OF NIGH-UNBEARABLE SUSPENSE, AND THEN...

SO HELP ME, I'M AFRAID TO LOOK, FOR FEAR I'LL SEE MYSELF BLOWN TO BITS!



THE CAPTURE!

AND NOW, WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION QUIETLY? OR SHALL I--?

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS YOU'VE GOT US!

DON'T T'ROW IT!

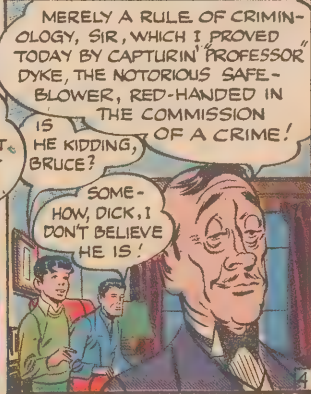
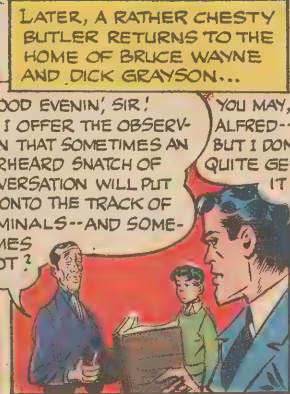
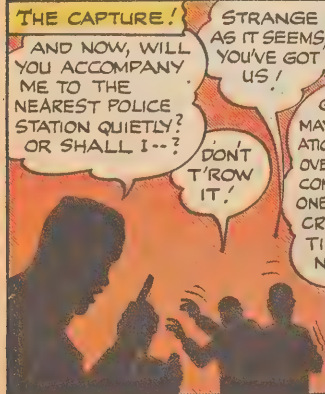
LATER, A RATHER CHESTY BUTLER RETURNS TO THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

GOOD EVENIN', SIR! MAY I OFFER THE OBSERVATION THAT SOMETIMES AN OVERHEARD SNATCH OF CONVERSATION WILL PUT ONE ONTO THE TRACK OF CRIMINALS--AND SOMETIMES NOT?

YOU MAY, ALFRED-- BUT I DON'T QUITE GET IT!

MERELY A RULE OF CRIMINOLOGY, SIR, WHICH I PROVED TODAY BY CAPTURIN' PROFESSOR DYKE, THE NOTORIOUS SAFE-BLOWER, RED-HANDED IN THE COMMISSION OF A CRIME! IS HE KIDDING, BRUCE?

SOME-HOW, DICK, I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS!



GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLOP

HAVE YOU A LIFE PROBLEM ? WHO HASN'T, HUH ? -- WELL, WHATEVER IT IS, BE IT A FINANCIAL TWITCH, - FALLEN ARCHES, - A LOST RELATIVE, - A SOUR ROMANCE, OR JUST ANY OLD SOCIAL PAIN IN THE NECK AT ALL, - BRING IT STRAIGHT TO GOOD OL' JUDGE JOLLOP, - HE WILL SURE, 'FIX YOU UP PRETTY' -

HOWDY, HOWDY, FOLKS !



THE NEXT CASE IS THAT OF ONE, ASPARA MOONEY, - PLEASE STEP UP AND STATE YOUR COMPLAINT, MADAM !

I'M HERE ALREADY, JUDGE !



OHO ! - SO WHAT, YOUNGSTER ?

I WANT TO HAVE MY NAME CHANGED PLEASE JUDGE, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE TO FIND OUT HOW - ?



H'M, - STAY PUT DOWN THERE, SIS, WHILE I FATHOM THIS OUT - AT FIRST HEARING IT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY PURTY NAME TO ME, - WHAT'S YOUR MAIN OBJECTION - ?



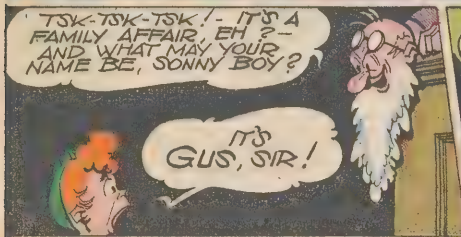
WELL TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE AND HERE'S MY TWIN BROTHER, - HE WANTS HIS CHANGED TOO !

SURE, IT'S BETTER WHEN I THROW MY HEAD IN TOO, AINT IT, JUDGE !



TSK-TSK-TSK ! - IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR, EH ? - AND WHAT MAY YOUR NAME BE, SONNY BOY ?

IT'S GUS, SIR !

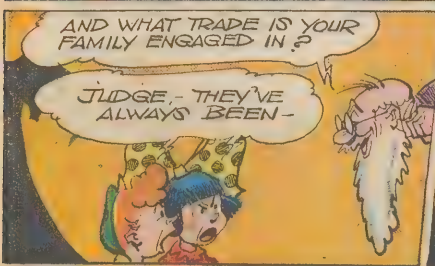


AND WE BOTH FEEL WE'RE JUST BEING USED TO ADVERTISE THE FAMILY BUSINESS !



AND WHAT TRADE IS YOUR FAMILY ENGAGED IN ?

JUDGE - THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN -



--ASPARA-GUS GROWERS !!

CASE DISMISSED !



WASTE PAPER

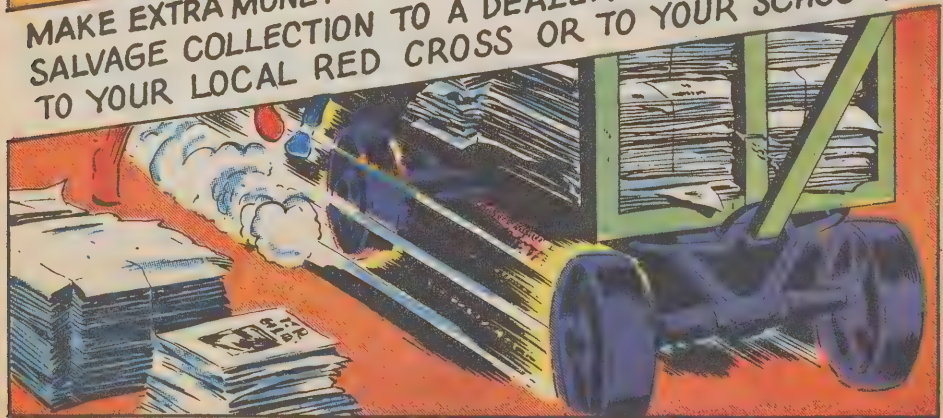
**HAS BECOME
A WEAPON
OF WAR!**

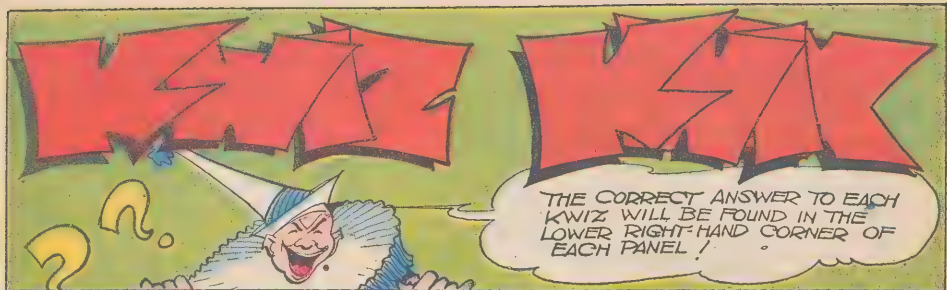
BECAUSE OF A PAPER SHORTAGE, WASTE PAPER IS BADLY NEEDED FOR SHELL CONTAINERS, SUPPLY PACKAGES, PARACHUTE FLARES, BOMB BANDS AND MANY OTHER MILITARY ESSENTIALS. DO **YOUR** BIT BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER OF ALL KINDS!

**FIGHT
PAPER WASTE-
AND HANG ONE
ON THE
PAPER-HANGER
OF BERLIN!**

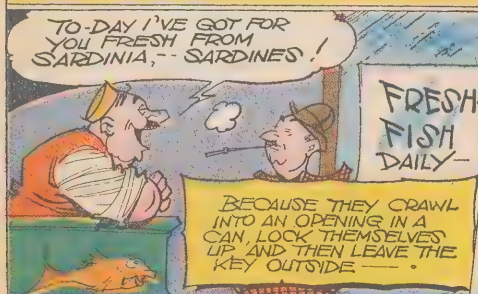


**MAKE EXTRA MONEY FOR WAR BONDS BY SELLING YOUR PAPER
SALVAGE COLLECTION TO A DEALER! OR TURN IT OVER
TO YOUR LOCAL RED CROSS OR TO YOUR SCHOOL!**





WHY ARE SARDINES SUCH SILLY FISH ?



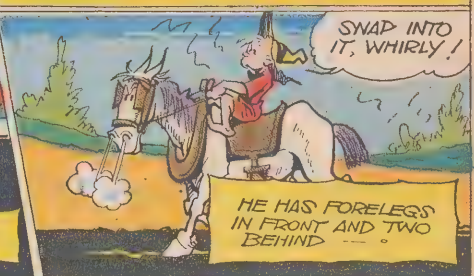
WHAT WORD OF ONLY THREE SYLLABLES COMBINES IN IT TWENTY-SIX LETTERS ?



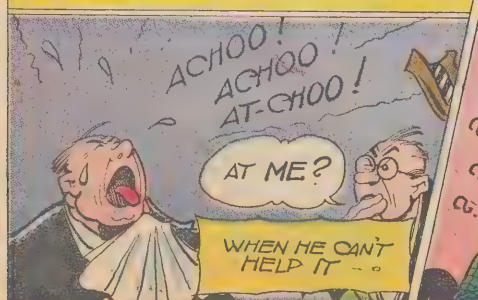
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A NEW DIME AND AN OLD PENNY ?



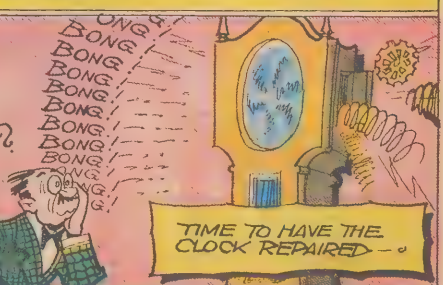
HOW CAN IT BE PROVED THAT A HORSE HAS SIX LEGS ?



WHEN DOES A MAN SNEEZE THREE TIMES ?



WHAT TIME IS IT WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES 13 ?



DEDUCT A MURDER

by Walt Cochrane

THE Chief was pretty sarcastic about it.

"I don't know why it is, McGurn, but everytime you touch a case the trail, which was hot, suddenly blows cold." Mercilessly, he went on. "The only thing that keeps you from being back pounding a beat is your dumb Irish luck. You can wind up behind an eight-ball more than anybody I've ever known, and still manage to come through."

Detective Dan McGurn winced, and moved his ponderous bulk around in the chair. Eight-ball McGurn, the boys called him, and not behind his back either. He managed now to essay a slight smile, but it was a very feeble one.

"There is a lot to what you say, Chief," he agreed. "But you gotta remember I work on the process of deduction." McGurn's voice rose, a trifle proudly. "And I always get results, Chief."

Chief Walters snorted. His beefy face became even redder. "It's just dumb luck, McGurn, and you know it. Why, if I didn't know . . ."

"Yeah, I know," McGurn thought to himself. "You and I started on the force together. Now you're the Chief and I'm only a first class detective." Long ago, Eight-ball had resigned himself to this relationship. He really liked the Chief, and he knew Walters was fond of him. He didn't even resent the fact that they called his elimination ideas pure luck. Now he said:

"Chief, I got this Webb Mason murder narrowed down pretty well. I eliminated a lot of suspects already, and sooner or later I'm going to strike the trail. It may be a little while."

Chief Walters cut him short. "It's been two weeks now," he pointed out caustically, "and the newspapers are whittling us down. The Mayor's getting sore,

too." His voice softened. "I suppose I'd better tell you this, Dan. You've got only forty-eight hours more on the case, before I hand it to some of the other boys. After all, Webb Mason was a pretty popular figure."

McGurn blinked, as if this were something unbelievable. To be taken off a case! Why, he was doing okay. They just didn't know. He looked again at Walters, but the latter just nodded: "Sorry, Dan, it's the Mayor's orders."

McGurn's smile was wan, as he rose. "Well, that's the breaks, Chief, I guess." Hopefully, he added, "Anyway, I got two days more. Maybe that's all I need." He shambled out of the office, muttering, "It still looks fishy."

All around, he thought now, it was a nutty case. As nutty as a fruit cake. Mrs. Mason, the dead star's wife had demanded an investigation, following the discovery of the body. It had looked like suicide at that, but Mrs. Mason had insisted her husband had been murdered. This despite the fact that the bullet had entered Mason's right temple. He was clutching the gun and only his prints were on it. "I know he wouldn't have killed himself," she had said vehemently. "He loved life too much. He had everything to live for, too. Money and position. I tell you he was murdered."

And because she was a socialite, with plenty of political backing behind her, the District Attorney had ordered an investigation. It looked like an investigation that was going right up a blind alley.

McGurn ambled along the street, still grumbling. The Chief had been willing to list it as a suicide. But he, McGurn, had had one of those funny hunches that always led him into trouble. Like Mrs. Mason, he could figure no reason for Mason to want to kill himself.

But if he hadn't done it, who had? The trail was getting colder than a dead mackerel. McGurn had interviewed everyone around the theatre, including the old vaudeville actor, Tim Gerz, who was Mason's valet. Mason's will had provided amply for Tim, and the latter had been heart-broken over his old friend's death.

McGurn shrugged. There was nothing to do but ask some more questions. Everyone had seen Mason go alone into his dressing room that fateful opening night. Tim had stayed outside, getting clothes ready in the wings for a quick-change in the next scene. No one had seen any strangers around.

Baltic Street hove into McGurn's vision and he suddenly realized that Tim Gerz lived a few doors down the street.

He found Gerz in, packing. "Going away?"

The little man shook his head. "No. I'm just getting some of Webb's stuff together for Mrs. Mason." He indicated a pile of cheaply-covered books. "Those are his old press clippings, stuff he'd saved since his burlesque days. And I've got his golf clubs here and things like that. Mind if I keep packing?"

"Go ahead," said McGurn. "We can talk." He leafed idly through the books. Mason certainly had played plenty of honky-tonks in his life. He looked at one of the pictures. "Hey, when was he arrested?"

"Arrested?" Gerz looked up. "Webb was never pinched that I know of. What do you mean?" He walked over, looked at the frayed yellow clipping, showing a policeman holding onto Mason and another man. "Part of this clipping's lost. That guy—he indicated the other man in the picture—was Lou Villers, a strictly no-good guy. He was Webb's partner. And then when Webb hit the big money, he sup-

ported Lou for a couple of years until he found out Villers was stealing his eye teeth. That's how I happened to get my job."

"Villers, eh?" McGurn looked at the picture with new respect. Villers had been quite a comic, once, before hitting the skids. "Where is he now?" He looked again at the picture, seeing something familiar, yet unfamiliar.

Gerz shrugged. "Who knows. He was plenty mad at Webb and threatened to make trouble. But you know that kind. He never showed back."

"Oh," McGurn sat back, his eyes thoughtful. "Here, let me help you with those." Gerz was struggling with a big box and at the same time trying to pick up a bag of golf clubs. Some of the clubs slipped out, clattered to the floor. McGurn bent his beefy form, then straightened up, the clubs in his hand. He liked golf himself, and now, almost absent-mindedly, he tested the heft of an iron. Then, he started. "Well, what do you think of that," he said softly.

Gerz was watching him with a strange look. "Something up?"

"It's nothing," said McGurn. "I was just thinking. These are Webb Mason's clubs?"

"Sure. He always played golf. It kept him fit."

"I'm going to borrow them. I'll see that Mrs. Mason gets them back."

"Okay. Incidentally, I'll be at her house if you want me."

McGurn went out, carrying the clubs. His pulse raced as he got into a cab. "The Public Library," he said.

He checked the clubs there, went into the newspaper room. When he emerged, his eyes were red and inflamed from the five-hours of laborious reading. But there was a smile on his lips. Only Lou Villers alone knew as much about himself as Detective Dan McGurn.

The stage hands' union was still open and luckily, McGurn found the chairman, who had been handling the crew for Mason's last show. The guy's name

was Andy Palarno. He was mystified by McGurn's visit, and still more surprised when McGurn told him what he wanted. "Sure," he said. "I can get that whole crew together, every one of them. Most of 'em are working, but they'll be through at eleven o'clock tonight."

"Fine," McGurn said. "Have 'em on the stage of the Globe then. I'll be waiting."

Palarno was as good as his word. By eleven thirty, eight mystified stage hands, augmented by electricians, chorus girls, and spot men, were standing on the stage, facing McGurn, Tim Gerz and Mrs. Mason. The babble of voices stopped as McGurn, still puffing from the herculean task he had performed, started to speak.

"A lot of you, I guess all of you, are wondering why I asked you here," he said. "I want you to know I appreciate everyone coming. Why, in two weeks a lot of you could have been out of the city. I guess it's just my dumb Irish luck you aren't already." He spoke slowly, laboriously. "Everyone believes that Webb Mason killed himself. That is, everybody but Mrs. Mason, and Mason's valet, Tim Gerz." He looked down at the bag of golf clubs on the floor.

"They are the only two who are right. Webb Mason was definitely murdered!"

Excited, hushed voices filled the stage. Mrs. Mason managed to stifle her scream. McGurn held up his hand. "But what makes this a funny case," he said, "is that the murderer is still right here. He didn't get scared after he killed Mason, nor did he figure on running away. As far as he was concerned, he had planned the perfect crime. You see, Mason must have recognized him to let him get close enough to talk, especially during an opening night."

A tense silence followed the words. Inexorably, McGurn continued, conscious that everyone of his audience was shifting uncomfortably. "The man who killed Mason—and it was a man, folks—knew everything

about this show. He knew when the music cue outside, and the hammering backstage would be loud enough to drown out a gunshot. He knew the theatre, too, and with that knowledge was sure he could get away with Mason's murder."

McGurn cleared his throat. His eyes seemed to be on everyone. "So the killer slipped into the dressing room, and made his presence known to Mason. Surprised, Mason held his hand out, and, as he did so, the killer shot him, then arranged the suicide."

McGurn's hand stole casually to his pocket. "But who is the killer?" He smiled. "I would never have guessed it until I went to the Public Library today and checked the past of a man, a former actor. I learned he had gotten his start as a stage hand, before becoming a comedian. This man had sworn to kill Mason, and he never renounced that oath. The man's name was Lou Villers, but now he's known as——"

A chorus girl screamed. "Look out, he's got a gun!"

The heavy, swarthy man everybody knew as Tom Blane aimed at McGurn. The next moment, McGurn's shot had blasted the gun from the man's hand. McGurn walked over quickly, hooked a shining cuff onto the unshattered wrist. "It's all over, Villers." Sternly, he admonished, like a parent to an unruly child. "What good would shooting me have done, you fool?"

The D.A. had the full confession within an hour, signed. The Chief looked at McGurn, who seemed half-asleep in the easy chair. "Well, you did it again, Dan, but I still don't see how."

McGurn smiled sheepishly. "Elimination, Chief," he said. He pointed to the golf clubs for the first time. "Those are left handed clubs. They belonged to Mason. And Villers just didn't stop to think a left-handed guy doesn't shoot himself in the right temple—so it couldn't have been suicide. It *had* to be murder!"

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

"YOU CAN'T DO MONKEY BUSINESS WITH BATMAN!-- IS THE FIRST RULE OF THE UNDERWORLD! BUT THAT RULE--LIKE OTHERS IN THE CODE BOOK OF CRIMEDOM-- DOES NOT APPLY TO THAT DASHING KNAVE ERRANT... THE CAVALIER! HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING -- AND A DANGEROUS FOE -- HE DELIBERATELY UNDERTAKES TO OUTWIT THE BATTLING BATMAN AND ROBIN... AND THE DYNAMIC DUO FACES ONE OF ITS MOST PERILOUS TESTS WHEN..."

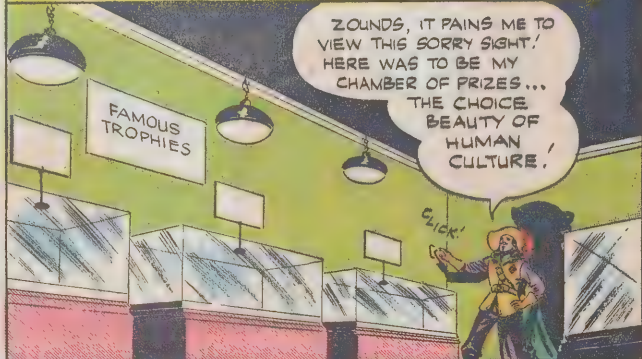
"The Cavalier Hides Again!"



IN A GLOOM-SHROUDED HOUSE, A SHADOWY FIGURE ENTERS A DARKENED ROOM...



THE CLICK OF A SWITCH, AND LIGHTS BLAZE UP TO REVEAL... THE CAVALIER, FLAMBOYANT SWORDSMAN OF CRIME!



ZOUNDS, IT PAINS ME TO VIEW THIS SORRY SIGHT! HERE WAS TO BE MY CHAMBER OF PRIZES... THE CHOICE BEAUTY OF HUMAN CULTURE!

Click!

THIS EMPTY DISPLAY BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION! IT WAS TO HAVE CONTAINED INVALUABLE CURIOS OF THE HISTORY OF SPORTS!



BATMAN FOILED ME ON THIS COUP! BUT I SHALL EVEN THE SCORE! I'LL MAKE HIM APPEAR A VERITABLE BUFFOON! I SHALL HAVE MY TRIUMPH!



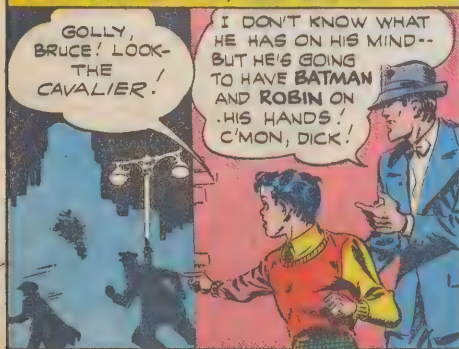
AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WHA--? THE CAVALIER... OUT ON THE STREET IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! HEY!



GOOD! MY PRESENCE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WILL SOON BE RE-PORTED.

NEARBY, WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE FRANTIC WHISTLE, AND IN SIGHT OF THE STARTLING SCENE... ARE SOCIETY PLAYBOY, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.



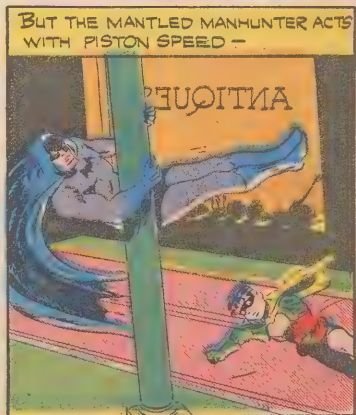
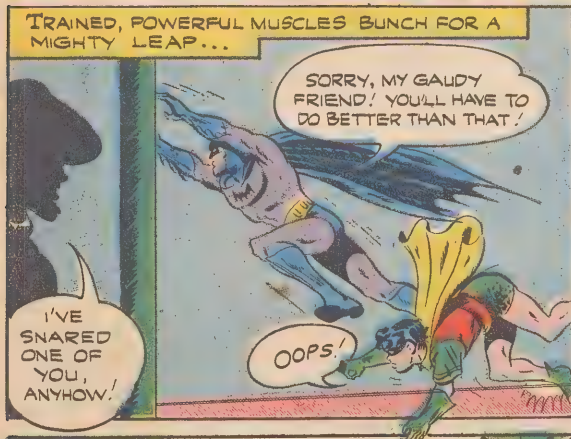
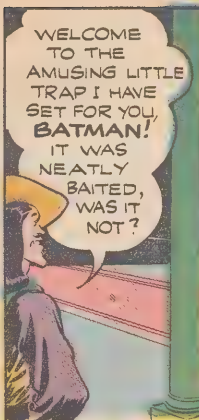
GOLLY, BRUCE! LOOK-- THE CAVALIER!

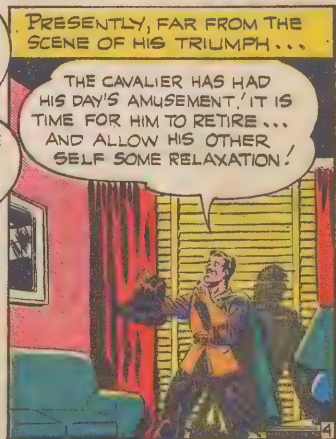
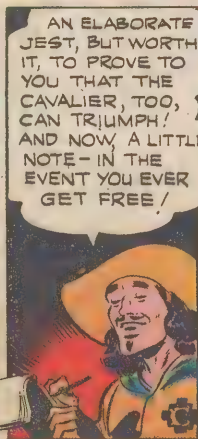
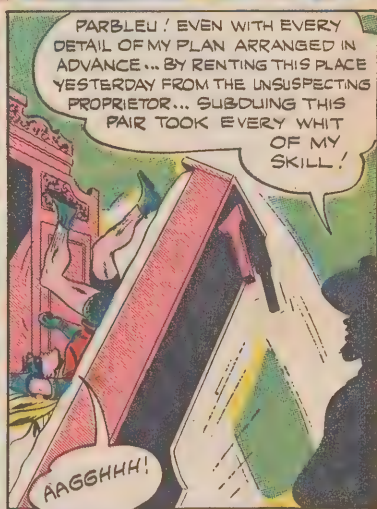
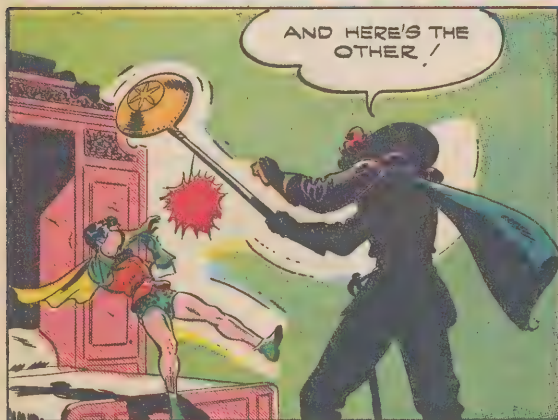
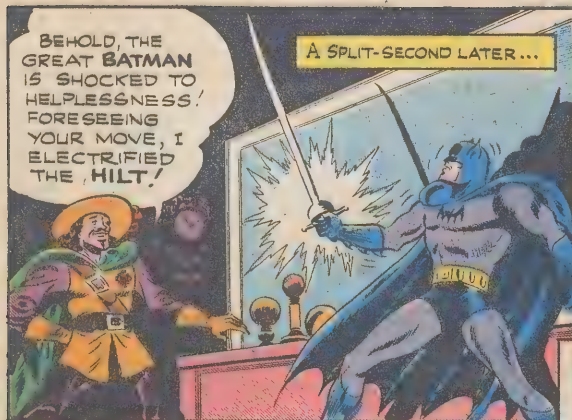
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE HAS ON HIS MIND-- BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN ON HIS HANDS! C'MON, DICK!

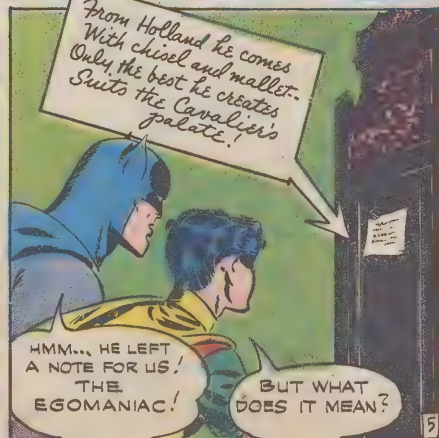
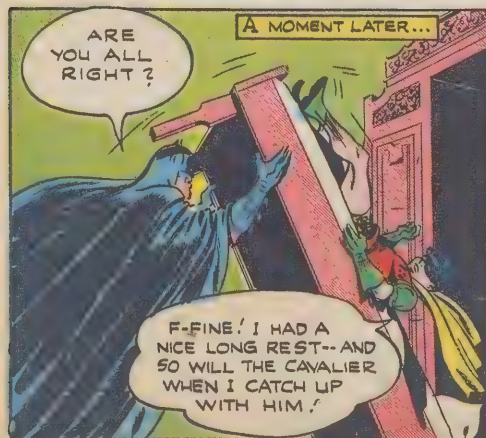
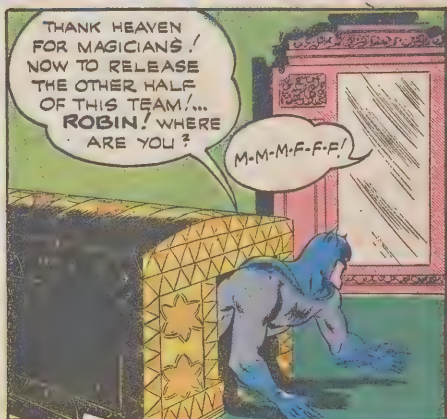
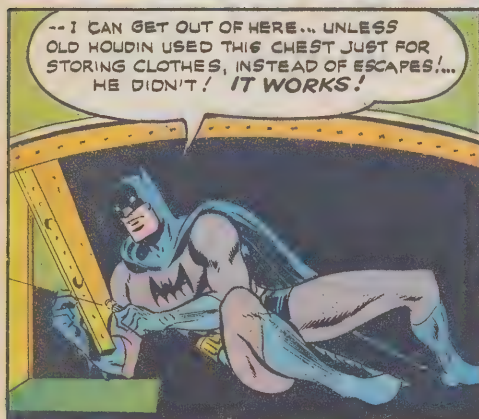
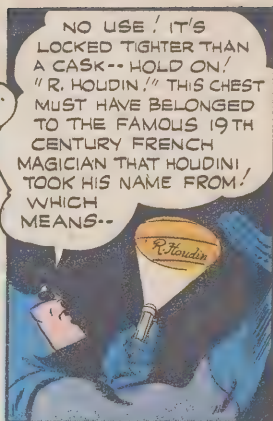
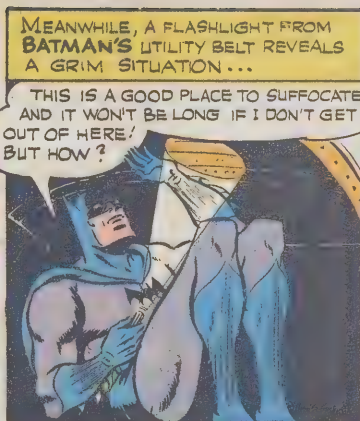
MOMENTS LATER...



HA-- THEY GOT TO THE SCENE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! WELL, I MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT THEM!







HOME AGAIN, THEY
PUZZLE OVER THE
CRYPTIC NOTE...

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE
THE CAVALIER
MEANT-- A DUTCH
SCULPTOR ?

THAT'S ONE
POSSIBILITY !
BUT I CAN'T THINK
OF ANY GREAT
ONE WHO'S IN
THIS COUNTRY !

WELL, I HAVE TO GO
TO THE CLUB'S ANNUAL
DINNER, WHICH WILL
GIVE ME TIME TO
THINK ! MEANWHILE
YOU'D BETTER GO
TO BED !

BED ? AGAIN ? I
JUST GOT OUT OF
ONE !

AND LATER, BY A
QUIRK OF FATE,
TWO BITTER FOES
CHAT PLEASANTLY--
UNWARE OF EACH
OTHER'S TRUE IDENTITY !

PRETTY
DULL AFFAIR,
EH, DRAKE ?

MUCH TOO DULL, WAYNE !
OH, WELL, I'M USED
TO BEING BORED.

WORDS...
MERE
WORDS...
SHREWDS
WORDS TO HIDE
THE
EXCITING
TRUTH !
FOR
THE
FOLLOWING
NIGHT...

SOON, AT BRUCE'S EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY CLUB...

THERE'S THAT BRUCE
WAYNE COMING IN OVER THERE !
FINE CHAP... IF HE'D EVER
DO A STITCH OF WORK !

YES ! A
SHAME,
ISN'T IT ?

BY MY FAITH, MY
HANDS ITCH WITH
GREED ! IF BATMAN
AND ROBIN SEEK
TO BALK ME,
THEY WILL
RUE THE
DAY !

HERE'S HOPIN'
THEY GOT OTHER
THINGS TO DO,
BOSS !

SOON...

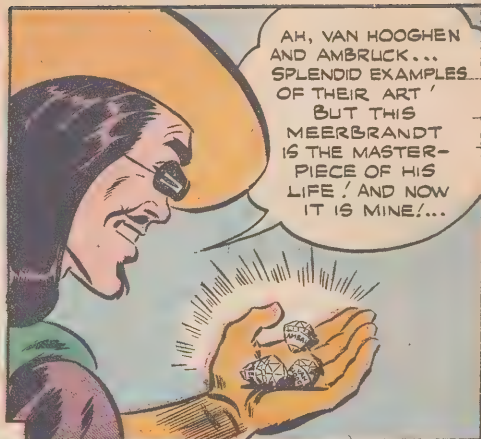
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE ?...
UGH !

I COME TO
ASSIST MYSELF TO
VARIOUS ASSORTED
VALUABLES... AND
THE LEADEN PELLET
AT THE END OF THIS
KERCHIEF WILL LET
YOU SLUMBER
WHILE I DO !

'SBLOOD !
WHAT
WONDROUS
BEAUTY !

WE GOTTA
WORK FAST,
CAVALIER !
LET'S
HURRY
UP !

HURRY? ONE MUST SELECT WITH GREAT CARE TO ACQUIRE THE FINEST SPECIMENS!



SUDDENLY...

THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT THAT, CAVALIER!

CORBOEUF!
YOU DECIPHERED MY SILLY BOAST!
SOME DAY I SHALL LEARN TO CONTROL MY VAIN TONGUE!

ULP!

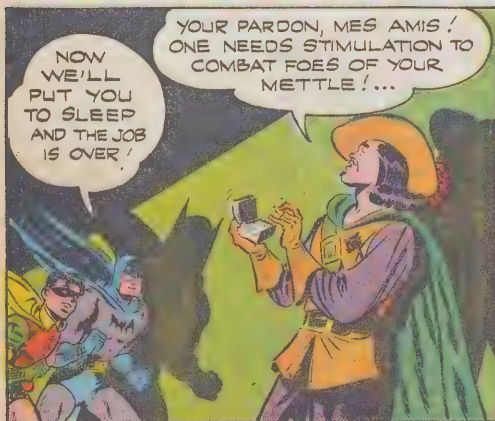
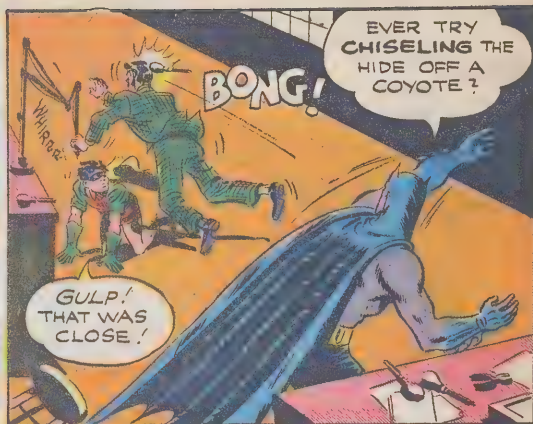
HOLLAND--DIAMOND CENTER OF THE WORLD... CHISEL AND Mallet--STONE-CUTTER'S TOOLS... ADDS UP TO JAN MEERBRANDT, WHO'S CUTTING THE MAGI DIAMOND RIGHT HERE IN GOTHAM! SO I LOOKED HERE... AND HERE YOU ARE!

PARBLEU!
YOU WILL NOT BE HERE FOR LONG!

LONG ENOUGH TO HEAVE YOU INTO A JAIL CELL!

MEANTIME, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM...

CARE TO SPAR ONE ROUND WITH ME, RAT?...
OOPS!



BUT AGAIN THE ROMANTIC ROGUE HAS APPARENTLY MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

GONE!

RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!

LIKE TWIN FLIES, THE ACRO-BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE, SWARM OVER THE WINDOW SILL... THEN UP THE PRECIPITOUS WALL!

THERE HE GOES! HE MUST HAVE JUMPED!

BUT WHERE TO? ... NO- THAT'S WHAT THE CAVALIER WANTS US TO BELIEVE -- WHICH MEANS HE PROBABLY WENT UP INSTEAD OF DOWN! SO LET'S GO, ROBIN!

AND BRIEF SECONDS LATER...

GOT YOU!

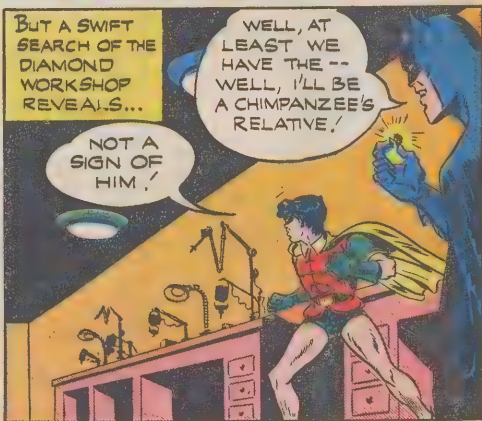
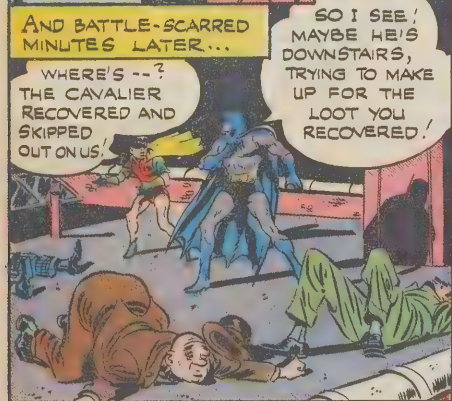
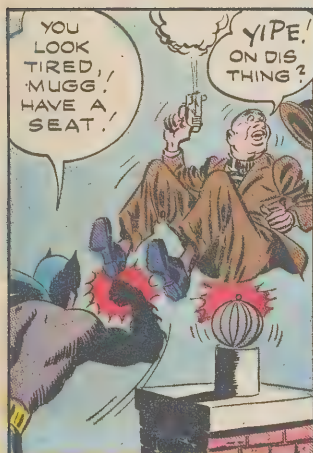
IT DOES LOOK THAT WAY, DOES IT NOT, MESSIEURS?

BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS CONTINGENCY, AND PLACED REINFORCEMENTS HERE UPON THE ROOF! ... HAVE AT THEM, VARLETS! BRING ME THEIR EARS!

ABRUPTLY...

BUT BEFORE THEY DO, WE'LL PUT YOU ON YOURS!

SAY, HERE'S HIS LOOT!



PRESENTLY, AFTER THE LAW HAS TAKEN OVER...

THE POLICE NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED CALLING YOU, MR. MEERBRANDT! THE ONLY THING THAT WAS TAKEN WAS THE MODEL OF THE MAGI DIAMOND...AND WE GOT THAT BACK!

BODT VHY SHOULD ANYVUN WANT IT? IT ISS VORTHLESS TO EFFERY-BODY BODT ME!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE CAVALIER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DRAKE RESIDENCE IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...

ONCE MORE I RETURN WITH EMPTY HANDS! 'TIS ENOUGH TO BREAK THE SPIRIT OF A STRONG MAN!

FAMOUS TROPHIES

THIS WAS TO BE THE PRIZE OF MY CHAMBER OF PRIZES... BUT AGAIN BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE FOILED ME!

MEERBRANDT MODEL OF MAGI DIAMOND

ZOUNDS! THEY ARE MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS! WHAT SKILL IN DEDUCTION...WHAT COORDINATION IN COMBAT... WHAT SAVOIR FAIRE IN ALL THAT THEY DO! BY MY FAITH, THEY ARE INDEED WORTHY FOES OF THE CAVALIER!

I WOULD GIVE MY ENTIRE FORTUNE--AND IT IS NO SMALL SUM-- IF I COULD BUT KNOW WHO THEY ARE!

MEERBRANDT

NOT
DIAMOND
RIP

AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE WAYNE RESIDENCE... ALSO IN AN EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY...

WELL, THE CAVALIER GOT AWAY AGAIN! BUT WE RUINED HIS QUEER ROBBERY FOR HIM, AND CAPTURED HIS GANG!

IT CERTAINLY WAS A STRUGGLE, THOUGH! HE'S A SHREWD CUSTOMER... AND HE'S NO EASY MARK TO TANGLE WITH IN A FIGHT!

YES, THE CAVALIER IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST--AND STRANGEST--CRIMINALS WE'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED! I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS...

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANCE TO FIND OUT, BATMAN! FOR THE GRANDEE OF GANGSTERDOM RETURNS WITH ANOTHER SLY AND SINISTER PLOT IN A FUTURE

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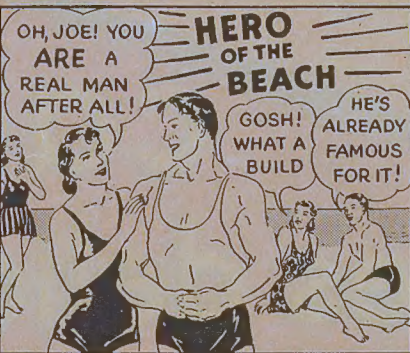
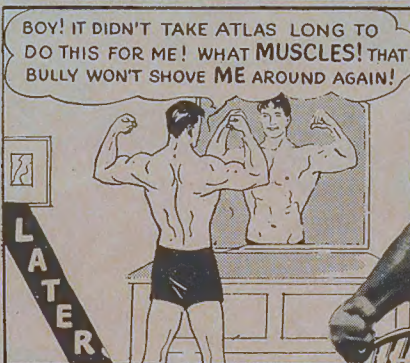
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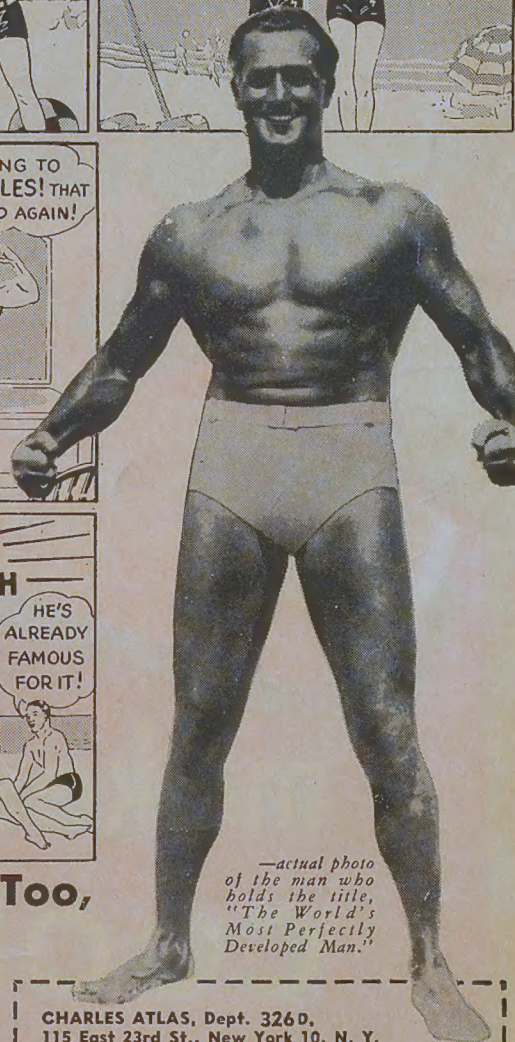
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